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TRUE BOOK BONUS

THE YANK PILOT WHO LIVED WITH INDOCHINA'S AMAZON WOMEN

(HE WAS HOSTAGE OF THE ORIENT'S FABULOUS FEMALE BRIGADE)

FOR MEN ONLY

IND.

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25¢

THEY SENT A B-GIRL TO BOOBY TRAP D-DAY

(WORLD WAR II'S MOST HUSHED-UP SPY PLOT)



SIXTH DAY... STILL AFLOAT

(THE ENEMY SENT UP AN ANTI-RESCUE OCEAN ROADBLOCK)



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"Am doing Radio and Television Servicing full time. Now have my own shop. I owe my success to N.R.I."—CURTIS STATH, Ft. Madison, Iowa.



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FOR MEN ONLY



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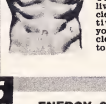
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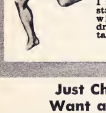
You actually see the live, rippling muscles forming protective ridges across your stomach. Muscles that stand up to solid punches.

3 BROAD SHOULDERS



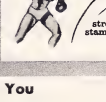
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I make your legs strong and powerful with the tireless drive of a long distance runner.

5 ENERGY & STAMINA



My "Dynamic Tension" will quickly rebuild you inside and out. Gives you the strength, energy, and stamina of a champion athlete.

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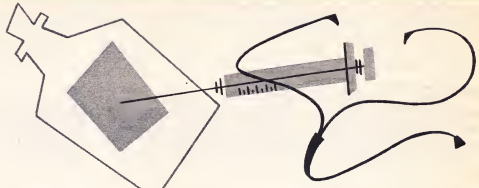
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MEDICAL ROUNDUP

FOR MEN ONLY



IT ONLY HURTS WHEN I LAUGH
A doctor who was recuperating from a hernia operation had a firsthand chance to measure the amount of pain that accom-



panies the healing process. He soon discovered that a fit of coughing or a burst of laughter would cause painful side effects. Using his trained scientific approach to the problem, he put his convalescent period to work by experimenting to see if there was any possible position that would allow for pain-free coughing or laughing. Believe it or not, he came up with the answer: if you must cough, or even laugh at visitors' jokes, bend forward from the hips and brace your hands and forearms on a washbowl at hip level. You'll be able to take care of the situation with a complete absence of abdominal discomfort.

■ ■ ■

FOOD FADDISTS' WILD PITCH—
No country in the world eats as well as this one. Yet, a multimillion dollar business has sprung up because a few shrewd con men have convinced a gullible segment of the public that their diets are lacking in certain "basic" food values. In general, the phony food supplement peddlers stick to seven basic untruths. Here they are, along with the facts that prove their lies: 1. *Most disease is due to improper diet.* False: A few diseases are caused by dietary deficiencies, but these are rarely found in the U.S. By buying a variety of foods—milk products, meats, vegetables and cereals—you can get all the nutritional values your body requires. 2. *Soil depletion causes malnutrition.* False: Soil composition has little effect on the composition of the plants it supports. If soil elements are missing, the plants just won't grow. 3. *Chemical fertilizers poison the land and crops growing on it.* Government research shows that soil or fertilizers used do not affect the crops to any great extent. 4. *"Wonder foods"—such as 100% whole grains, honey, blackstrap molasses or raw vegetables—possess "wonder powers."* False: They are good foods, but do not produce miracles. 5. *Certain cooking utensils, especially aluminum, are harmful to foods.* False: U.S. Public Health Service says hospitals all over the country use aluminum utensils. There is not the slightest suspicion of danger attached to them. 6. *Processing removes nutritional values from food.* False: Modern processed foods actually contain more nutrients than the same foods prepared at home. They are packaged at the height of their perfection and in many cases



foods that are frozen or canned are improved nutritionally before the process is completed. 7. *Subclinical deficiencies are a constant danger.* False: This is a meaningless statement often used by food faddist pitchmen. Actually, subclinical means without symptoms. The con men keep harping on the fact that normal tiredness or a "worn out feeling" is a subclinical deficiency. If you have these symptoms and they linger, see a doctor, not a food peddler.

HOLD THAT NOSE!—There's one sure way to stop a nosebleed. Grab your nose between your thumb and forefinger and



pinch it for about 15 minutes. Make sure you breathe through your mouth while this is going on. If pinching doesn't do the trick, see your doctor.

■ ■ ■

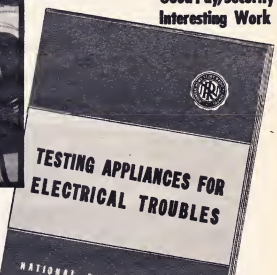
HERE'S DIRT IN YOUR BURNS—
When a gasoline fire enveloped his small son, a desperate father threw the child to the ground and began rolling him in an effort to douse the blaze. The quick thinking on the part of the frantic parent opened the door to a new technique for treating damage to the body caused by fire. Here's what happened: The boy was so severely injured that doctors gave him little chance to live. However, three days after the accident, the attending physician noticed a white cottony fungal growth covering the burned areas. He assumed, correctly, that when the father dragged the boy across the ground, fungus in the dirt crept into the wounds. Fourteen days after the fire, the first clean-up surgery was performed. The doctors were amazed to see the fantastic healing process that had already taken place. In many spots, entire sections of crusted wounds could be lifted off without the usual cutting, leaving the healthy tissue beneath it intact. The fungus was identified in the laboratory as *Fusarium roseum.* At present it is being studied to see how it best can be utilized in the treatment of common burns.

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Earn more money. Enjoy doing important, interesting work. Learn Electrical Appliance Servicing. This is a field of increasing opportunity. Today there is an average of 8 appliances in every wired home. More than eighty million additional appliances, valued at about 8 billion dollars sold in one year. Find out more about this great, growing field. Find out how NRI can train you, at home and in spare time to be an Appliance Service Technician. See how you can start soon to make extra money servicing appliances.

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Everyone Takes Bill for a College Man...

Until He Starts to Speak

Then the Blunders He Makes in English Reveal His Lack of Education



He *looks* every inch a college graduate. But Bill Harmon is walking, talking proof that clothes do *not* make the man!

The instant he starts to speak, you get a shocking surprise. You expect to hear a cultured voice, speaking faultless, colorful English. Instead, you hear errors in grammar and glaring mistakes in pronunciation. For example, he says "Between you and I" instead of "between you and me." He pronounces "often" "off-ten," uses "who" frequently when he should use "whom"; makes other blunders which even the average *high school* student should know enough to avoid!



SHERWIN CODY

The pity of it is that Bill (like thousands of others) continually makes "boners," in speaking and writing, without realizing that he is doing so. It's really astonishing how few people are *sure* about whether to spell certain words with one or two "c's" or "m's" or "r's"—or with "ie" or "ei," and when to use commas to make their meaning crystal-clear. Many use only the most commonplace words—flat, colorless, ordinary. Their speech and their letters are dull, lifeless, humdrum—largely because they lack confidence in their use of language.

What Does YOUR English Say About You?

Does *your* English help you or hurt you? Every time you talk or write, you show what you are. When you use the wrong word, when you mispronounce or misspell a word, when you punctuate incorrectly, when you use trite, overworked words, you handicap yourself enormously. English, the very tool you should use to *improve* your business and social position, HOLDS YOU BACK. And you may not even realize it, because people are too polite to point out your mistakes!

But now—regardless of how much or little schooling you have had—Sherwin Cody offers you a simple and practical way to acquire a mastery of English in only a few minutes a day. With Sherwin Cody's method, you'll find that it's just as easy to form the habit of using good English as it is to fall into the rut of using faulty English.

For many years Mr. Cody studied the problem of creating instinctive habits of using good English. Some time ago he was invited by the author of the famous Gary System of Education to teach English to all upper-grade pupils in Gary, Indiana. By means of unique practice exercises, Mr. Cody secured more improvement in these pupils in five weeks than previously had been attained by similar pupils in two years under the old methods.

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The basic principle of Mr. Cody's famous method is habit-forming. Suppose he himself were standing forever at your elbow. Every time you mispronounced or misspelled a word, every time you violated correct grammatical usage, every time you used the wrong word to express your meaning, suppose you could hear him whisper: "That is wrong, it should be thus and so." In a short time you would habitually use the correct form and the right words in speaking and writing.

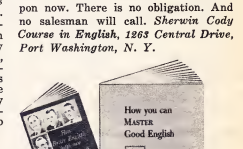
Mr. Cody's 100% Self-Correcting Device (upon which he holds a patent) does exactly this. It is his silent voice behind you, ready to speak out whenever you commit an error. It finds your mistakes and concentrates *on them*. You are not drilled upon anything you already know; and, unlike the old ways of learning English, there are no rules to memorize.

Only 15 Minutes a Day

The study of English has been made so simple that much progress can be made in a very short time. No more than *fifteen minutes* a day is required—and not of study, but of fascinating practice! Those who take advantage of Mr. Cody's method gain something so priceless that it cannot be measured in terms of money! They gain a stamp of breeding that cannot be evaded. They gain a facility of speech that marks them as educated persons in whatever society they find themselves. They gain self-confidence and self-respect—advance their social standing. As for material reward, certainly the importance of good English in the race for success cannot be overestimated. An investment of only a few dollars in yourself will pay life long dividends.

Write Today for These TWO FREE BOOKS

Two books explaining Mr. Cody's method and what it can do for you are now ready. One is entitled, "*How You Can Master Good English in 15 Minutes a Day.*" If you are ever *embarrassed by mistakes in grammar*, spelling, pronunciation, punctuation, or if your vocabulary is limited, this free book will prove a revelation to you. The other book is called, "*How Better English Helps these Nine Classes of Men to Get Ahead*," and tells specifically how various types of men are benefited by Mr. Cody's remarkable invention. Both books are yours FREE for the asking. Send the coupon now. There is no obligation. And no salesman will call. *Sherwin Cody Course in English, 1263 Central Drive, Port Washington, N. Y.*



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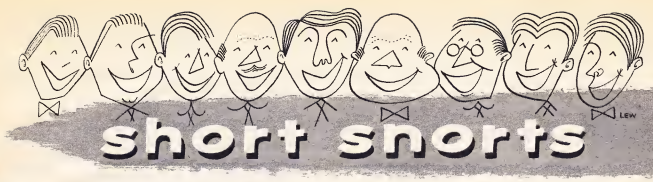
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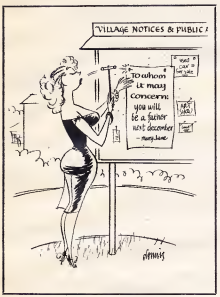
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Two drunks sat at a table in a barroom discussing things in a somewhat garbled manner. Then one of the drunks tipped back in his chair, lost his balance and landed flat on the floor.

The other drunk looked across the table and asked in a worried voice, "Hey there, you're comin' back, aren't you?"

■ ■ ■

As the weary workers shuffled out through the gates of the factory near Moscow, one man was seen trundling an empty wheelbarrow. He was immediately accosted by a suspicious guard.

"AHA!" the guard roared triumphantly. "Smuggling something out of the factory, eh?"

The guard then proceeded to examine the wheelbarrow thoroughly from end to end, top to bottom. He even removed the rubber tire and took it apart. Finding nothing, he scratched his head in bewilderment and grudgingly let the worker pass. Next day as the same shift came off work, the same man emerged with the wheelbarrow. Again the same puzzled guard gave it the same thorough inspection. Nothing. This went on for several months. Then one day the guard drew the man with the wheelbarrow aside as he came out of the factory and whispered in his ear:

"Comrade, I'm being shipped to the mines in Siberia tomorrow so please tell me: I know you are smuggling something out of the factory. Tell me, in heaven's name, what is it?"

The worker looked at him dumbly and replied: "Wheelbarrows."

■ ■ ■

"I wouldn't worry if your son makes mud pies," the psychiatrist said, "it's quite normal."

"Well," said the mother, "I don't think it is and neither does his wife."

Movie Actress: "I'll endorse your cigarettes for $50,000."

Advertiser: "I'll see you inhale first."

■ ■ ■

The American visitor was gazing down into the crater of a famous Greek volcano. Finally he commented, "It sure looks like hell!"

"Oh, you Americans," said his guide, "you've been everywhere."

■ ■ ■

Given an ornate throne by a missionary group, a selfish African chief stored it in the attic of his three-story grass house so no one else could sit in it. While he was away on a hunt a rain storm soaked the grass house, weakened the floors; he returned home to find his throne in pieces on the ground.

Moral: People who live in grass houses shouldn't stow thrones.



"All right, men—get ready for a Banzai charge!"

Think you can top the editor's sense of humor? It's worth a fresh five-spot if you can. Send your favorite gags to FOR ME! ONLY, 655 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y. No limit on the number of submissions, but sorry, no returns, either.

The Yank Pilot Who Lived

He was a hostage of the Orient's most notorious fighting brigade—a band of torture-trained females currently terrorizing the border region of Vietnam.

by Emile C. Schurmacher

When the starboard engine of his DC-3 began acting up, Sam Dallas, pilot and American owner of the Vietnam-Laos Air Line, was flying over the ragged shoulder of Mimot San peak, on his way back to Tan Son Nhut Airport in Saigon.

Considering the forbidding terrain below, the $672,000 in gold and the 20-year-old Eurasian passenger named Nan Luke back in the cargo compartment, it was a lousy time to develop engine trouble.



SAM DALLAS

The gold, 1200 pounds of it neatly boxed, consisted of sixty 20-pound ingots, each stamped with "GETI," the Shanghai superfine chop mark. It had once belonged to Bao Dai, former Emperor of Annam, later Emperor of Vietnam under the French until October, 1955, currently unemployed and residing, according to his mood, on the French Riviera, in Paris, or Rome.

Now it all belonged to Nan Luke—the loveliest joy girl in the swankiest bordello in Cholon—and to Sam Dallas, with a sixth of the share earmarked for Sam's English co-pilot, Al Wilkins.

Sam Dallas delicately adjusted the throttles. The starboard engine sounded off violently.

"Not now, baby!" he pleaded, as he had pleaded to C-47 engines back in the days when he had flown the Hump for General Claire Lee Chennault. "Don't let me down, baby, not now!"

He looked over at Al Wilkins, silently observant in the co-pilot's seat. The two Pratt and Whitneys were Wilkins' charges. Besides being co-pilot, radio operator and flight

PLEASE TURN NEXT PAGE



She looked young, about 18, but Dallas wasn't going to argue—not with that native *likubang* pointed at him.

Art by Jim Bama

with Indochina's Amazon Women



Battle Amazons in Cochin Jungle

By the United Press.

SAIGON, Indo-China, July 9.—Soldiers of the Vietnamese National Army are returning from the jungles and rice fields of western Cochin China with word of a new and ferocious enemy: women warriors.

These modern Amazons wear black shirts and trousers and black scarves around their heads. They wield swords and daggers. They like to fight at close quarters, or better yet, to take prisoners alive and kill them by mutilation.

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The wor manded by of Hoa chief Tr an am Gam 194 re th



Gen. Chennault (at bat) almost sent Dallas packing when Sam put on a three-ring aerial circus trying for a job.

INDOCHINA'S AMAZON WOMEN

continued

engineer of VLA, the wiry Britisher was one half of the ground crew as well. Dallas was the other half.

"What do you think? Can we make it on the port engine?"

Wilkins took his time before answering. He studied the instrument panel, reached forward and moved a propeller control. Cocking his head to one side, he listened intently.

"Revving 2,400, but there's no telling. With the cannibalized parts I've been fitting into her guts it's a bloody tossup whether something'll give under the extra strain."

Dallas glanced at the starboard engine. Besides kicking up a frightful racket, it was trailing short bursts of brownish-black smoke.

Damn it, he thought, it has to happen now, just when I've got hold of enough dough to replace this patched-up crate with a good C-54. He shook his head and scanned the ground. Far below, the vast plain of eastern Cambodia was a checkerboard pattern of fields and rice paddies extending back to the winding Mekong River. Ahead, the forested mountain range marking the Cochin China frontier of Vietnam was scarred with bald, jagged peaks, so precipitous that trees could not find a spot to root.

He coaxed the DC-3 upward another 700 feet, nursing the straining port engine. A few minutes later he cleared the nearest peak with altitude to spare and drew a deep breath. Before him the mountains rolled toward the horizon like receding dark green waves.

There was a sudden explosion of orange-red flame from the starboard engine. Something had finally given way.

Dallas groaned, instinctively dipping the left wing. He had pressed his luck once too often, taking a long chance on trying to cross the mountains instead of circling back toward the flat country near the Mekong and putting down. He knew now they weren't going to make it to Saigon. They weren't going to make it anywhere.

Nervous sweat trickled down from his blond, crew-cut hair. He wiped it away impatiently and pushed the yoke forward, searching for a place to land.

Wilkins pointed ahead. "That valley over towards your left. Looks like some sort of a clearing."

"Check!" Dallas had spotted it too. "We'll have a try at it. We haven't any other choice."

"What about the girl?"

"She's a helluva lot safer back there if we crack-up unless the fuselage catches fire. Go back and give her a quick spiel about us making an emergency and see to it that her belt's tight. Don't waste any time. I'm going to need you here plenty."

Wilkins left the cockpit. When he came forward again, a couple minutes later, he left the door unlocked and strapped himself in his seat. He reported that he had checked Nan Luke's belt and the cargo ties. Everything was secure.

Dallas nodded grimly. "How'd she take it?"

"Like a cucumber. She's a cool one, right enough."

Dallas banked sharply to the left and started down, carefully weighing chances as he made a preliminary pass a thousand feet above the ground.

He yielded altitude slowly, surveying the clearing. It was bottomed with gently waving elephant grass that gave it the appearance of a lush, natural pasture. It might have fooled a pilot less familiar than Dallas with this mountain terrain, but his experienced eyes detected the telltale signs he had feared—whitish ridge lines all but concealed in the tall grass. He shook his head. The lines were granite outcrops, some of them five or six feet high; the surrounding mountains were full of them.

Dallas banked and started to swing another circle.

"Strip's not long enough for the landing gear—even



In their weird garb, Hoa Hao women present an incongruous sight, but they are deadly fighters.

without those lousy outcrops," he said tersely. "We'll have to bring her in on her belly."

He had completed his come-around. At the far end of the valley, over a cedar forest, he lined the DC-3 up dead-center on the clearing and began his approach.

"Lower half flaps!"

At 110 miles per hour they scraped the treetops edging the clearing. Dallas braced himself. For a numbing moment they skimmed the elephant grass. Then he gently moved the yoke forward.

The DC-3 bounced heavily at the impact, skipped and came down again with a smash to the mid-section that felt as if the plane had broken apart. Sliding forward, it plowed up a storm of dirt and elephant grass that swirled angrily against the cracked windshields. A rocky outcrop ripped into the plane's belly, throwing it to the right and killing all momentum. The DC-3 came to a stop, angled on the crumpled right wing. . . .

Among the adventurous, airborne soldiers of fortune in odd corners of the world—men like Claire Chennault, Pappy Boyington, Eric Shilling, Frank Schiel, Allen Pope, Earthquake McGoon and others—Sam Dallas is one of the least known. In common with most of them, he was born to fly.

He was raised in Flushing, N.Y. which, in the years prior to World War II and the Long Island era of real estate development, had several large and small airfields within tempting hitch-hiking distance of his home. By the time he was 16 he was haunting several private hangars and playing hookey from Flushing High School with unfailing regularity. In exchange for performing chores for their owners, he was taken up on hops and given some flying instruction in venerable Curtiss Jennies, Cessnas and Fleets.

He piled up several hours and soloed in an old Ireland Flying Boat on his first job. The Ireland belonged to a reformed bootlegger named Knobby Schmidt who had used it on the Nassau-Miami liquor run. Schmidt had gone into the business of (*Continued on page* 39)



Though the Indochina war is over, communist guerrillas, still harass government troops in Vietnam.



As the beasts were chewing up the native's body, Harry started for the jeep, but a dingo blocked his escape.

Art by John Leone

"I SAW THEM CANNIBALIZE LEFT-HAND TOMMY"

by Dean W. Ballenger

It was a great adventure, shooting dingoes from a jeep, with the Outback government paying bounty money. 'Til the day the dogs turned on his tracker and he heard that long, terrible scream.

Last June, 38-year-old Harry S. Hoffman, an American, and his aborigine partner, Left-Hand Tommy, were hunting dingoes in western Queensland. Harry was making money faster than he'd ever made it; the Australian government paid a one-pound bounty (about $2.25) for every dingo killed, and Harry and Tommy were killing hundreds of them.

About 10 A.M. on Thursday, June 19, Harry drove his jeep up a spinifex-covered knoll. When he got to the top he braked. Left-Hand Tommy stood on the jeep's seat and looked around. Tommy always did the scouting; dingoes blend so perfectly with the Outback's vegetation and gibber stones that, even at close range, they're hard to spot.

After a few moments Tommy sat down. "That way, one half mile, sir," he said, pointing.

Harry released the jeep's brake. It coasted down the knoll. Careening around white-ant towers and mulga thickets, he drove in the direction Tommy had indicated. Dingoes run in packs of 15 to 50. If Tommy saw one of the devil dogs, that meant there were more right nearby.

A few minutes later Harry and Left-Hand Tommy came to a patch of knee-high Mitchell grass. Harry looked at his partner. "In there," Tommy said. Harry shifted into second gear and drove into the patch. He took his foot off the throttle, letting the jeep down to a crawl.

Almost immediately, a dozen dingoes crept out of the grass and began to lope along on both sides of the jeep. Harry chuckled. This loping beside the jeep always amused him. In every other respect, dingoes are among the most cautious of animals. But they are fascinated by motor vehicles and even though the drivers may shoot at them, the survivors won't run away. They remain beside the vehicle until the last of them has been killed.

Harry braked to a stop. Some of the dingoes milled around the jeep, wagging their tails and looking up at its occupants. Several sat on their haunches and stared with their green little eyes. Others sniffed the jeep's wheels, then urinated on them.

In the meantime, Harry and Tommy jerked their rifles from the clips on the sides of the jeep. They were .30/06 Enfields. The men didn't hurry. They knew the dingoes wouldn't go away.

Harry carefully aimed at the head of one of the squatting animals. Although a dingo is comparatively small and not very heavy, it takes skill to kill it. About the only place for a bullet is the two-inch space between the eyes—the direct brain shot. When hit elsewhere, a dingo becomes a determined, revenge-bent devil. There are few other animals more dangerous or fearless.

Harry squeezed the Enfield's trigger. The dingo kicked convulsively, then lay still. Harry shot another, and another. Tommy was firing, too. Both men reloaded. In less than a minute, the dingoes were all dead.

Tommy and Harry reloaded the Enfields (*Continued on page* 46)



From the book PLANE CRASH! The Mysteries of Major Air Disasters and How They Were Solved, by Clayton and Lee Knight; Chilton Company. Copyright 1958, Clayton Knight.

the crash that grounded the airlines

"Flight 608 going down!" Capt. McMillan screamed. And that was the last voice heard by the DC-6's 46 passengers before they died at the bottom of Bryce Canyon.

by Clayton and K. S. Knight

In October of 1947 the disintegration and crash of a plane in Bryce Canyon, Utah, set off a series of events that carried the aviation industry through one of its most critical phases.

The first evidence of trouble occurred on October 24, 1947, a few hours after 10:23 in the morning, when United Airlines Flight 608 left Los Angeles for Chicago. Cruising at an altitude of 19,000 feet according to visual flight rules, the DC-6's pilot, Capt. E. L. McMillan, reported progress over Fontana, Daggett, and Silver Lake, California, and then over Las Vegas, Nevada, and Saint George, Utah. His last communication gave the estimated time of his arrival over Bryce Canyon, at 12:22 P.M.

One minute before the flight was due to pass over Bryce Canyon an electrifying message from the pilot reported a fire out of control in the baggage compartment. And a few minutes later: "The tail is going out . . . we may get down and we may not."

Five minutes after the first warning another message reported excitedly that the crew would try to go into "the best place." . . . Then, "We may make it . . . approaching a strip."

About twenty miles southwest of Bryce Canyon a witness saw white smoke and then a black smudge streaming from the plane. Fifteen miles from the Canyon another witness saw that the ship's belly amidships was afire, but noted that the craft seemed to be under the pilot's control. No one saw the ship crash, but between the time the first smoke was noticed and the crash, the lower middle section of the airliner had burned out. Before impact with the earth, some of the structure had nearly disintegrated and many parts had dropped away. All of the 46 passengers and crew of six perished.

As soon as the fire on the ground was extinguished, the Civil Aeronautics Administration ordered a guard put on the trail of debris and the main wreckage until that duty could be taken over by National Park Service authorities and the converging members of the CAB investigating team could reach the scene. On the evening of the day of the disaster several technical groups—among them officials from the United Air Lines and the Douglas Company—arrived and began to examine the wreckage and the position in which the different sections lay scattered over the flight path. (*Continued on page* 56)

The Bryce Canyon, Utah, crash in '47 strewed wreckage and bodies (below) over an area of 28 miles. Mountaineers had to climb hillsides to bring out some of the 52 dead (left).




Al Parker

THEY SENT A B-GIRL TO BOOBY TRAP D-DAY

All the hush-hush planning for the Allied invasion of Europe almost went out the window of a beautiful Hungarian's bedroom.

by Bill Wharton

On a cold, windy night in April, 1944, a British destroyer lay close in-shore near Beachy Head, 66 miles south of London, so close to the pounding surf that the men aboard were standing by to move immediately if the wind force increased.

The destroyer was completely blacked out and dead silent as the waiting men looked out into the night across the English Channel for a sign of their prey. Sweeping away behind them the long, lonely and dangerous coastline ran from Eastbourne to Brighton, two of England's most famous summer resorts.

Commander Bill Cross stepped quietly up to gunners and whispered, "Load!"

Suddenly, from about a thousand yards away, the commander of the destroyer saw a greenish light flash out to sea.

"Signals!" the commander snapped and in a moment a green light was flashing intermittently from the destroyer seaward.

"I hope to God he takes the bait!" Cross muttered to the officer standing next to him on the bridge. "If he suspects, he could blow us to kingdom come in half a minute."

Three times more the green light flashed from the destroyer, then the men aboard tensed as a red light flashed twice about half a mile out at sea. The green light flashed

PLEASE TURN PAGE

Inviting the Pole to make himself at home, she proceeded to change into "something more comfortable."

Art by Al Brandt



Massive troop movements, Eisenhower's visits to jump-off points indicated an invasion was due. What Hitler wanted to know was exactly when and where.

THEY SENT A B-GIRL continued

twice in reply, and then the red light flashed again.

"Open fire!" Commander Cross roared as the destroyer's searchlights picked up the German submarine riding on the water. The lights were on her for less than three seconds when the first salvo blasted into the U-boat. Eleven rounds struck her in as many seconds, then, with full speed up, the destroyer raced down on the submarine and tore her apart.

"Signal Admiralty 'mission successfully completed.'" Cross ordered as the destroyer turned and circled back to where the submarine had died. There were no survivors, only the wreckage floating on the boisterous water. The destroyer set course for her base at Plymouth. Behind her, tossed about like a cork on a maelstrom, a small motorboat hurriedly turned and headed inshore to land near the small village of Alfriston. There was only one man in the boat. When he ground ashore, he hid the craft and hurried over to the highway, two miles distant, where he jumped into his car and drove off toward Southampton.

In the Southampton suburb of Shirley, he drove into a private garage and locked it behind him before turning up his coat collar and hurrying to a bus stop where he waited patiently for 20 minutes for a bus to take him into the port.

The lights were being extinguished at the Plough public house when the man walked in and up to the counter. A lovely girl with jet black hair and dark brown eyes moved over to him.

"Beer," the man said and added in a whisper, "Something's gone wrong! They've sunk the submarine. We've been betrayed. It's that friend of yours. He's an Allied agent."

"Beer coming up, sir," the girl said and added in undertone, "He's not here." As she poured the beer she said, "I will go and find out if he is coming tonight."

"Time, gentlemen, please," the girl called musically. "Closing time!"

She hurried from the bar and up a flight of stairs to her room, flinging the door wide-open with a quick nervous movement. A man sitting on an unmade bed rose and took a step forward.

"What is the matter, Anna?" he demanded anxiously.

"You must get away! You must go at once. Hurry, hurry before they kill you. The U-boat has been sunk. An Allied destroyer signaled it just like Finsch does and when the submarine replied, they opened fire and rammed it. Herman knows you betrayed us—"

"Me?" the man said incredulously. "But I am a true Hungarian . . ."

"Don't lie to me!" the girl snapped. "I love you and that is why I give you your life. No one else knew the signal except you and Herman. Now go! Quickly!"

"What about you?" he asked.

"I'll meet you somewhere later." They heard footsteps on the stairs and the man slid the window up and clambered out onto the flat roof.

By the time Finsch, followed by two other men, burst into the room, he had gone and the window had been closed behind him.

Herman Finsch, alias George Perrott, gripped the girl by the arm. "Where is this man Ferenc?" he demanded.

Anna Paabo shrugged. "I do not know. He is not here."

Finsch twisted her arm. "You are in love with him, but he is an Allied agent. He led us to think that he was one of us—"

A car stopped outside and then they heard another and still another stop close by. Finsch moved to the window, shifting the curtain a fraction while one of the men doused the light. "Police," Finsch muttered grimly, taking an automatic from his pocket. He moved quietly through the darkened room and opened the door.

Someone was hammering on the public house door below as the three men, led by Finsch, climbed a short flight of stairs to an attic landing. Above them was a skylight which slid open and allowed access to the roof.

"Come," Finsch whispered. "We can make it across the roof."

The escape route had been planned a long time by Finsch, one of Germany's smartest spies. He had gone over that route from the Plough public house to the end of the block—more than a hundred yards away—several times, sliding down to a small lane which gave access to a side street and his garage where he had parked a souped-up automobile.

He scrambled out onto the roof and was lying flat on his stomach, waiting for his two companions, when a sharp beam of light lit up the adjoining roof. From the street below someone shouted, "Drop it, Finsch! We know you are up there. You can't get away!"

Finsch began to crawl along the roof, followed by a man who called himself Cyril Brown, and Carl Domashus, who described himself as a Hungarian. There were no breaks between the roofs; the row of terraced houses ran intact from one end of the block to the next. As the light shifted, Finsch crawled over a low parapet and slid onto the neighboring roof where he waited for his friends. They had gone about halfway towards the point where they would descend by a fire escape to the lane when Finsch spotted a man at the edge of the last roof.

"Surrender or we'll open fire!" the man shouted, but Finsch fired first. Instantly a hail of gunfire raked the roof. Finsch gave a yelp of pain as a slug tore into his shoulder, but continued firing.

"We can't win!" Brown (his real name was Braun) shouted at Finsch. "We can't win! They'll kill us."

"They'll kill you anyway, you damned fool. They'll shoot you or hang you, Fritz. Fight back, man. Die like a soldier of Germany—"

"Drop those guns!" a voice snapped behind the crouching men. "Drop them or we'll cut you down!"

Slowly Finsch allowed the pistol to fall from his hand. Braun and Domashus pushed their hands away from their bodies so that the men could see they had no weapons.

"Get your hands behind your backs!" the officer ordered as a light flashed on the men. Handcuffs were slapped on the three. Moments later, the prisoners were shepherded down the stairs into the public house. Britain's most fantastic spy case of World War II was closed.

The greatest secret of the war was the date and place of the Allies' planned invasion of Europe. For this information the Nazis were prepared to pay anything, to sacrifice any number of lives.

Hitler's spy rings in Britain had been smashed early in the war, but British and American Intelligence knew that there were many leaks of vital information from Britain to Occupied Europe. From time to time, a spy was exposed and executed. But if Britain was determined to keep the date and place of the invasion a secret, Hitler was equally determined to have that information.



When the U-boat signaled again the destroyer fired, blasting 11 rounds into the sub in as many seconds.

A lovely Hungarian girl named Anna Paabo had entered Britain in 1943, via Switzerland, after escaping —so she said—from Occupied France, where she had been studying when war broke out. Cleared by intelligence, Anna got work as a chambermaid in a small hotel in Southampton, became a barmaid, and finally worked up to the position of manageress.

Her beauty, her vivacity and her ability to make everyone who came into the place feel at home soon found her a permanent niche in the little public house. Although Anna was friendly, she knew where to draw the line. Anyone who tried to go too far with her soon found himself put in his place.

Southampton in those early months of 1944 was probably the busiest port in Britain next to Liverpool, and often the volume of shipping passing through Southampton exceeded that of Liverpool. Any foreigner living in Southampton was naturally subject to a certain amount of surveillance. Intelligence officers noted with interest, for example, how Anna went out of her way to be friendly to soldiers of all the Allied nations. Some of the soldiers with whom she associated were discreetly questioned by Intelligence men, but Anna had asked them no questions calculated to be of help to the enemy. Indeed, all she had done was to make the men feel at home in the public house and to bring a little happiness into their lives.

"She's clean," Major Roscoe Sanderson of British Intelligence told his senior. "She's Hungarian and hates the Germans."

But not long after he made this pronouncement, Sanderson received a caller at his office in Southampton, a young soldier of the Free Polish Army.

"Major," the Pole said, (*Continued on page* 78)

A GUN CAME OUT OF THE PANHANDLE

by H. A. De Rosso

The man with the drooping, black mustache, who appeared to be the leader, said, "Before we hang you, would you care to give us your name?"

The rider of the blaze-faced, white-stockinged bay did not answer immediately. The rope felt rough and raw around his neck. The thongs binding his wrists behind his back bit into his flesh. He sat there in his saddle, feeling the excited thump-thump of the bay's heart against his knee as though the horse realized what impended.

At last the rider spoke. "Harrison." His voice was low and without a quiver. He sounded as though he were exchanging a polite introduction. "John Harrison."

The man with the black mustache looked at each of his four companions. "Any of you know the name?" The four shook their heads. They were grim-faced, heavily-armed men, which was not unusual in the Territory of New Mexico in the early days of July 1881.

The man with the black mustache turned his hard, unwinking stare back to the man on the bay. "Where you from, Harrison?"

"The Panhandle."

"That covers a lot of territory."

"The Canadian River. I've got a ranch there."

"Brand?"

"JH Connected."

This time the man with the black mustache kept his glance on Harrison while he asked, "Any of you boys know that brand?"

"I saw it on a few cows," one of the four said, "in a bunch of rustled cattle."

The man with the black mustache held a quirt in his right hand. He began to slap his left palm with it and Harrison felt the bay tense beneath him. All the man had to do was touch the bay with the quirt and the horse would leap forward, leaving Harrison dangling at the end of the rope.

"You don't look like a lawman, Harrison."

"I never said I was."

"You don't look like a Cattlemen's Association man."

"I never claimed that, either."

"What are you then?"

Harrison did not answer.

"You know," the man with the black mustache said, "you're making it tough only for yourself."

"Come on, Dunlap," one of the four said. "Let's get it over with."

Dunlap permitted himself the faintest smile. It was quickly gone, however, and he was the cold, relentless inquisitioner again. "What're you doing here in New Mexico if your ranch is on the Canadian in the Panhadle?"

A searing vision crossed Harrison's mind for an instant. He found himself praying silently: Just let me square for her, that's all I ask. His lips tightened to a white, thin line but he spoke.

"You heard one of your men say he saw some of my cattle. I'm here to recover them and any others I can find. I've lost heavily to rustlers the past six months."

Dunlap leaned forward in his saddle and peered closely at Harrison. "That could be true," Dunlap said, "*if* you own a ranch on the Canadian."

"Get someone who knows that part of the country. He'll tell you."

Dunlap showed the fleeting smile again. "We want *you* to tell us."

"Tell you what?"

"The real reason you're in New Mexico."

Sweat stood out on Harrison's brow. The noose seemed to pinch tighter about his neck. "I've told you. I mean to recover my cattle. Look at the brand on my horse. JH Connected."

"That means nothing. You could've stolen him."

"Then go to hell," Harrison said.

"That, my friend," Dunlap said quietly, "is just exactly where you're going. Now!"

Dunlap's right arm lifted, the quirt hung poised in the air. The bay seemed to sense the forthcoming lash of the whip and poised itself beneath Harrison. He hoped it would be swift and sudden, a snapping of the neck. He had seen men strangle slowly at the end of a rope. (*Continued on page* 50)

"I'm looking for Morgan Witt," the stranger said. "I'm going to kill him." When he told them why, they let him go—each of them hoping he'd find his man.



He wheeled around suddenly, a six-shooter in his hand. But Harrison was ready for him and fired first.

Art by Julian Paul



18 years of helle

We don't know the Danish equivalent of "WOW!" but we'll bet it drowns out the dialogue every time 18-year-old Helle Wingsoe shows up on a movie screen in Copenhagen.













With Helle around in a bikini, who needs dialogue? Unfortunately, in her latest film—shot in Finland—the girl's all bundled up. Somebody goofed.



FOR YOUR

THE GI'S

You're a possible for the Air Force's FIRST MAN-CARRYING MOON-SHOT if you're at least 30 (for mature judgment, emotional stability) and weigh NO MORE THAN 150. . . The full text of that FOUR-LETTER-WORD hell-and-back speech of GENERAL PATTON'S never fully published. It would never MAKE IT THROUGH THE MAIL—a real scorcher. . . Combat men who crossed bayonets with him can't swallow current MOVIE AND FICTION TREND to portray WWII GERMAN SOLDIER as "average joe" who really fought without hate. Places like ANZIO and the BULGE still on the brain. . .

Ground forces still going in for ROUGH BASIC TRAINING, but are quietly weeding out FOUL-BALL NONCOMS who think r-u-g-g-e-d is just another way to spell SADISTIC. Example: a FIRST SERGEANT at Fort Jackson, S.C., was recently bounced back a grade, FINED $450 for ASSAULT AND MALTREATMENT OF RECRUITS. . .

WWII aerial gunners got A-plus if they sank only FOUR OUT OF 100 SHOTS into Zeroes, ME-109s. With the big 50-calibers, JUST ONE was enough for a kill. . . SOUTH KOREAN ARMY pay boost now gives privates 75 cents/month. Sounds low, but President SYNGMAN RHEE himself only draws equivalent of $263. . . When ANCIENT GREECE was on its way down, generals ordered messengers bringing bad war news STONED TO DEATH. . .

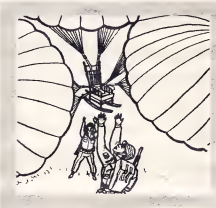
Millions of TOP SECRET DEFENSE DOCUMENTS now up for grabs if anyone wants a peek; 650 million sheets of paper in all recently DE-CLASSIFIED by Defense Dept. It needs storage space. . .

Hot new PARADROP TECHNIQUE, using clusters of 100-foot diameter 'chutes means BEHIND-THE-LINES Ranger and Commando units NEVER have to come home. With 30,000 POUNDS OF FOOD, AMMO IN ONE LUMP, they could operate as guerrillas forever. . .

THE WOMEN

Latest lure of NORTH AFRICAN CASBAHS: "Opera Houses" in which prostitutes also croon ROCK 'n' ROLL, BLUES, LIGHT CLASSICS to homesick Yank servicemen. . . In major EUROPEAN CITIES, a dropped hanky DOESN'T MEAN WHAT IT USED TO. Girls are paid models, hankies MERELY PRINTED ADS for beer, cigarettes, hair removal, and you don't get to first base on anything else. It all started in Hamburg last spring. . .

PUBLIC HEALTH officials ready to press PANIC BUTTON over jump in teen-age VD rate. Kids don't seem to GIVE A DAMN about it, confident that ONE SHOT OF DR. PENICILLIN fixes everything. What they don't know: THERE ISN'T A CASE OF VD GOING THAT ONE SHOT CURES FOR SURE. . . Some statistics on UNMARRIED GIRLS: (1) Teen-agers make love ONCE EVERY TWO MONTHS average; (2) over 20, once EVERY THREE WEEKS; (3) 78 per cent always insist on contraceptives, 11 per cent sometimes, other 11 per cent DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT THEY ARE. . .



THE GI'S



THE WOMEN

Scotland Yard doesn't KNOW WHY, but latest crime fad for English girls is HELPING CONS ESCAPE PRISON. Most popular method is to leave an Austin someplace nearby with clothes in the trunk. . . OLD CHINA HANDS with the Seventh Fleet in Formosa Strait sighing with nostalgia whenever PEIPING POLLY, Red China's radio propaganda girl, gets on the air. She reminds them of TOKYO ROSE, plays jazz, scolds them in same syrupy-voiced way. They call her DRAGON LADY, say she's better than Rose ever was. . .

Girl guinea pigs of Ravensbrueck, Nazi bio lab where Hitler's scientists used CAPTIVE FEMALES for experiments on

INFORMATION

STERILITY, MASS INFECTION, WAR GASSES, held a reunion in Warsaw recently. Of THOUSANDS THAT WENT IN, ONLY 54 WERE LEFT. . .

THE BANK ACCOUNT

JOB OUTLOOK: Drafting good. Even the worst scribblers can knock down $100/wk, section bosses up to $10,000/yr. Help wanted ads tell the story. . . If you don't like to sit on one spot, but STILL LIKE TO SIT, hack-driving in CHICAGO good for $125/wk. . . Free-lance home maintenance (floor-waxing, rug cleaning, etc.) worth a query for GUYS WHO CAN'T STAND BOSSES. . . On the other side of the ledger, OVERSEAS GOVERNMENT JOBS NOT SO GOOD anymore. Economy cutbacks did it. State Dept. Diplomatic Corps, for instance, now STRIPPED BARE of expense accounts, overtime, etc. Striped pants envoys in Paris lost their limousines, got word to TAKE SUBWAYS INSTEAD. . .

Stocks to watch in '59: SOUTH AMERICAN GOLD AND PLATINUM, ELECTRICAL AND MUSICAL, and BRITISH PETROLEUM. All cheapies with good futures. . . IF YOU'VE GOT MONEY for the house but none for the furniture, ask your broker or banker about the PACKAGE MORTGAGE. Price of major appliances can be LUMPED INTO original house mortgage. Payments spread over full term come to MERE PENNIES per month. . .

Every member of Actor's Equity gets a FREE PAIR OF SHOES each year . . . If anyone's hot for it, there's a French restaurant for sale in Guadalajara. Supposed to be a MONEY-MAKER . . . Speaking of Mexico, at LAKE CHAMPALA, filet steak is still 40 cents/pound, maids $8/mo., coffee 45 cents/pound, gas 17 cents/gallon, gin, rum, brandy 70 cents/bottle, and get this, RENT TEN BUCKS A MONTH. Two bucks to Thayer of Mexico, File 1 Ajijic, Jalisco, Mexico, gets you all the details on king-like living for less than $90/month. . . .

A TOY CHEST FULL OF ROYALTIES waiting for smart man with a <u>really</u> new gimmick to sell junior. Transogram Co. of N.Y. hunting hard, will go all the way for you if you've got it. Of every 10,000 ideas submitted, LESS THAN TEN PER CENT worth a second look (either variations of existing toys——like hula hoops——or too rough to market). . . .

RUGGED ANND RAGGED

TRENT RIVER, ONTARIO'S the place——so many MUSKIES 45 INCHES LONG nobody even brings hooks for wallmouth and smalleyes itching for a fight by the hundreds . . . MUSKIES again. Let someone else have the boat if you're trolling with anything but a five-eighth-ounce CREEK CHUB PIKIE silver flash lure. Without one, you're wasting your time. . . .

Answer to LOW-INCOME SKEET BUG'S prayer: a trap mount that fits the SPARE TIRE, can be operated by the shooter with leg pressure. Only $22.50 . . . If your time's come for a shotgun, watch WAR SURPLUS sales for greatest gun steal in years. U.S. Marines



THE BANK ACCOUNT



RUGGED AND RAGGED

have just turned loose BOXES FULL OF BRAND-NEW WEAPONS still in cosmoline. Originally bought for close-in JUNGLE FIGHTING where M-1s, Thompsons were too clumsy. . . .

HEAD-HUNTING JIVAROS of Ecuador have to import every drop of CURARE POISON they use on blowgun darts from a PEACEFUL TRIBE in Peru . . . Southeastern game and conservation men more upset about FIRE ANTS than anything, including POACHERS AND JACKLIGHTERS. The little bugs travel in blanket-like packs, devour crops, sting slow-moving cows to death, AND HAVE PUT MORE THAN A DOZEN HUNTERS IN HOSPITALS simply by catching them asleep. Bites fester, cause wicked fever. Yet, the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38



The bomber was already beginning to go under by the time Cartwright and McLean got the dinghy inflated.

Art by Samson Follen

From the book DOWN IN THE BRINE *by Ralph Barker. Published by Chatto & Windus, Ltd.*



SIXTH DAY... STILL AFLOAT

The R.A.F. had them spotted their first day adrift in the Bay of Biscay. But to get to them, rescuers had to slug their way through a barricade of German fighter planes and torpedo boats.

by Ralph Barker

The last hour of the long night anti-submarine patrol in the Bay of Biscay was always the longest, like the last mile home. The clock on the dashboard of the Wellington, lit by the faint glow of the fluorescent lighting, pointed to ten minutes to four, the kind of hour when peaceful men slept soundly in their beds. Triggs, sitting at the controls, wondered at the inconsistencies which had brought him, a peaceful man, all the way from Australia to fly night patrols in a Wellington twelve hundred feet above the Bay.

Yet it was a peaceful enough night. With a heavy layer of 10/10ths cloud at three thousand feet, it was so dark that visibility was almost nil. But back in the fuselage McLean was operating the anti-submarine radar. If he got a U-boat contact, they would home on to it until the range was too close for radar, and then they would switch on the powerful Leigh Light which illuminated the sea dead ahead for over a mile.

Somehow, in spite of the favorable conditions, tonight's trip had been plagued by uneasiness and uncertainty. Everyone had been on edge, everyone had had in the back of his mind the feeling that something was wrong. And indeed there had been much in the behaviour of both engines to undermine confidence. But they were the kind of niggles for which a man hesitated to turn back. Triggs had decided to press on and carry out the patrol.

Now it was the last hour before dawn. Back in southwest England, other crews of other squadrons would be taking off to continue the endless patrol. With the first light of dawn they could set course for base, leaving the cares of the night behind them. Nothing to report.

Devonshire's voice broke into Triggs' thoughts from the rear turret. "There's an awful lot of sparks from that starboard engine, Skipper. Do you think it's O.K.?"

"Sparks? What are they like?"

"Like . . . like a cluster of stars."

"You can cut out the poetry. Have another look."

PLEASE TURN PAGE



As the Wellington sank under the waves, her six-man crew scrambled into the raft, every man wet to the skin and shivering but, safe—for the time being.

SIXTH DAY . . . STILL AFLOAT

continued

"There's more than ever now. I can still see them trailing along behind us when they're a hundred yards back."

Triggs eyed the oil-pressure gauge. It was steady for a moment, and then he watched with alarm as the pressure dropped quickly to zero. He began to close the throttle slowly, correcting with starboard rudder. The engine sounded rough and laboured, and then it seized suddenly and completely, the propeller hanging limp and still like a useless limb. He quickly cut the fuel supply to the dud motor to lessen the risk of fire, and increased the revs on the good engine.

"Send an S.O.S. Arthur. Tell them we're on one engine."

"Right."

He called Badham, his Australian navigator. "Give Arthur our D/R position, Col."

"O.K."

Cartwright transmitted the S.O.S. on the control frequency and then wound out his trailing aerial so as to repeat it on the long-wave distress frequency. He felt the aircraft losing height rapidly and wondered whether his messages would be received. It had been a poor night for wireless and there was usually static interference back in England during August. They ought to have more height to have a fair chance of getting a message through. He repeated his S O S on the control frequency and then changed to the distress frequency without waiting for a reply.

Triggs opened up the port engine to 3½ lbs. boost and 2450 revs per minute, keeping the airspeed at 120 miles an hour. He watched the engine temperature rising, complaining under the strain. In spite of the increase in power on the port side they were still losing height.

"Jettison everything you can," he called, "parachutes, flame floats, all loose equipment." As he spoke he pressed the depth charge jettison button, wondering for a brief instant whether some unwary U-boat might get the surprise of its life. The altitude needle still moved slowly anti-clockwise. The port engine temperature went on rising.

"Prepare for ditching, chaps. We'd better ditch into wind, Col. What's the direction?"

"Two hundred and eighty degrees true," said Badham. "Strength about thirty miles an hour. I reckon the waves are breaking about two to three feet high running downwind with the swell. There's quite a bit of a swell on, too. Depth about sixteen to twenty feet and tops about two hundred yards apart."

Triggs kept the aircraft heading for base and tried to work out his ditching problems. He knew that this mark of Wellington, shorn of a nose turret and carrying a load of special anti-sub radar equipment aft, was very liable to become tail-heavy. He had two hundred and eighty gallons of petrol on board and wanted to get rid of it, partly as a precaution against fire and partly for the buoyancy effect of the empty tanks after



When their two rockets were gone, they used the flag and a fluorescine bag to signal any planes that came close.

the ditching; but he was concerned lest the loss of weight of the petrol forward should unbalance the aircraft still further. He decided that with a choppy sea and appreciable swell the biggest danger lay in the actual ditching. They would be out of the aircraft in quick time in any case.

Triggs flipped on his inter-com and began a running commentary on the ditching. "I'm going to ditch now just as soon as I can. No point in trying to stay airborne. The port engine's getting too hot. I can't judge our height too well, so I'll rely on the radio altimeter. I reckon we're down to about a hundred feet. Fifty feet." He switched on the landing light, illuminating the white wave crests. There seemed to be an awful lot of sea. "The radio altimeter's reading zero. Reckon we must be submerged by now. Funny if we ran into a sub." He saw the swell rush past underneath and judged his height as thirty feet. The heavy equipment amidships was making the Wimpey extremely tail-heavy and very difficult to handle. He daren't use any flap in case it pulled the nose up still further. "Height about thirty feet. Speed seventy-eight knots. Turning into wind. We'll be about thirty degrees across the swell. Closing the throttle and holding off." He closed the port throttle, put the propeller into coarse pitch and turned off the petrol. "Holding off a few feet over the water. Hold tight." He held the Wimpey in a three-point attitude, watching the speed fall away. "Seventy knots. Sixty-five knots. She must hit."

He felt the tail strike the water and the sea towered above him. Then they seemed to hit the top of the swell and the aircraft stopped instantly. The bump was lighter than a belly-landing on a runway. No one was thrown out of position except Cartwright, who was flung forward and cut his eye.

The cockpit filled with water up to the instrument panel immediately and Triggs thought they were going to sink nose first. Then he saw water pouring up through the front parachute hatch in the floor of the aircraft and cascading down through the astro-hatch above him. The influx of water seemed to right the aircraft.

He released his harness and stepped out of his seat, his eyes on the escape hatch above his head. Knee-deep in water, he stumbled as he made for the hatch and realised he was stepping on a body. Walker, the second pilot, was lying on his face unconscious. He lifted him up out of the water and jammed him half-way through the escape hatch, then climbed out himself and pulled Walker through the hatch after him. Walker was still unconscious and he dragged him out on to the wing.

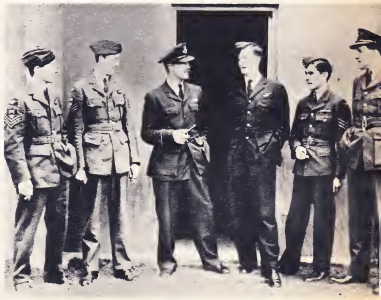
In the fuselage, Cartwright helped McLean up through the astro-hatch and then followed him, leaving Badham to operate the dinghy release. Badham jerked the lever firmly and then prepared to climb out through the hatch.

"The emergency rations!" shouted Cartwright into the aircraft. "They've come adrift and got washed away." Badham remembered something floating past him immediately after the ditching. He saw an emergency pack lying on top of his navigation table and went back to retrieve it. Then he passed the pack up to Cartwright and climbed out.

"Where's the dinghy?" shouted Badham as he thrust his head and shoulders clear.

"Did you pull the release?"

"Of course I did." Badham went back into the sinking aircraft and pulled the release again and again but still the dinghy refused to (*Continued on page 63*)



Back in England, the survivors (above) were given a 16-day leave to recover from their 124-hour ordeal.



Break came when Donald Bashor, 28, was picked up casing an apartment house.

LOCK EVERY

With every woman in L.A. a potential

by Jack Webb

Karil's apartment-warming went off beautifully. The dinner was good, the conversation about art stimulating, the night warm. About 10 P.M., Karil and a guest put on swim suits and went for a plunge in the big, new pool located in the patio. They splashed about noisily, and in fifteen minutes Eleanor Lipson, who managed the apartments with her husband, rather sharply reminded the new tenant that swimming wasn't allowed after nine P.M.

Karil and her friend went back to the apartment and changed, and the party went on till about 12:30 A.M.

When her guests had left, Karil washed the dishes and tidied up her little place. She made up the studio couch for sleeping, and, though she usually didn't work Saturdays, set the alarm for seven A.M. This Saturday, she had to be up early to help register a new class of students at the art school.

The way it is with so many women who live alone, life had held back on Karil Graham. She was likable and attractive, still a year on the sunny side of forty, sandy-haired, blue-eyed, trim-figured. But there was no husband—a marriage hadn't worked out—no children, no other man in her lonely life.

Karil bravely hid the hurt and filled the emptiness as best she could. Every day she went to work, on time, to her job as receptionist at a downtown Los Angeles art school. Nights, in her quiet apartment, she listened to music and dabbled in painting. She was just a dilettante, she knew resignedly, but records and easel were gracious cover-ups for emptiness.

Sometimes Karil counseled students who attended the art school. Often they were male students, and she took them to her heart in a mothering, protective way. She

From THE BADGE by Jack Webb, copyright 1958 by Mark VII, Ltd. Published by Prentice-Hall, Inc., Englewood Cliffs, N. J.



First victim was beaten to death with an iron pipe; the second, with a hammer.

DOOR IN LOS ANGELES

corpse, they were banking on a gigantic roving man-trap to catch the killer.

saw for them something more meaningful and zestful in life, the something that had somehow passed her by.

That year spring came very early, even for Los Angeles; in the third week of February, there was already a sparkle in the air, a premature stirring in all the backyard gardens around town. For women like Karil living alone, it was a bitter-sweet time. She decided to kill the loneliness, at least for a night, by inviting some of the art students to dinner at her new apartment in Westlake.

About ten minutes from downtown Los Angeles, awkwardly straddling a man-made lake, Westlake is the kind of neighborhood that attracts the Karils of the West Coast. Not proud, not shabby, once fashionable, now a little shiny at the elbows, the district includes older homes inhabited by retired couples, apartments, rooming houses.

The younger people who (*Continued on page* 72)



Palm print, found on a woodbox at the scene of the second murder, was the only clue police had.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

use of FIRE ANT VENOM against CANCER CELLS is getting close look from biologists. . . .

ROUGHEST BIRD HUNT on the East Coast is the no-picnic thing called "duck-on-the-rocks." There's no blind, no shelter, just the gun and you in camouflage suit, HUDDLED ON A FREEZING OFFSHORE ROCK. The rough water's enough to drown your bird dog; you need DOZENS OF DECOYS with 50-foot anchor lines that always foul, and if you live in Connecticut, YOUR LIMIT'S ONLY FOUR. But



COPS AND ROBBERS



WHAT'S NEW?

hunters who go "duck-on-the-rocks" say the FEELING'S GREAT IF YOU GET ONLY ONE. It takes every hunting skill a man knows. . . .

COPS AND ROBBERS

It may sound like a joke, but THE ODDS ARE ON YOUR SIDE if the girl screaming RAPE says it happened in a SMALL FOREIGN CAR. Many judges tend to doubt that ANYTHING, LET ALONE RAPE, is possible in the imported bugs . . . Under banner headlines "PLEASE DON'T SHOOT!" San Antonio papers published a letter from a man threatening to kill his wife, because she was playing around, BUT DIDN'T GIVE HIS NAME. That afternoon, 12 WIVES ASKED THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE FOR PROTECTION. . . .

Chiselers clip New York subways out of 10Gs a year with PAPER CLIPS, BUTTONS, NAIL FILES AND TIN FOIL in the turnstiles instead of 15-cent tokens . . . If your town's troubled (as most are) by CHRISTMASTIME BANDITS, tip your local force to Nassau County, N.Y.'s SPECIAL HOLIDAY SQUAD. Extra men ready to roll on STORE HOLDUP AND BURGLARY SQUAWKS. Hasn't been a major Yuletide heist there in years . . . Cops in Munich, Bavarian beer capital, are allowed a STEIN OR TWO A DAY during OKTOBERFEST, the fall suds celebration. . . .

British screwsmen (safe-crackers) USING GOOEY CANDY BARS to stick gelignite charges to safe doors . . . Shocker spoken by a Brooklyn mugger sentenced to 20 years in prison: "WE PICKED ON OLD MEN BECAUSE THEY CAN'T SEE AS WELL AND CAN'T FIGHT BACK OR RUN AWAY. . . ."

When the MAFIA EXTORTS LIRA FROM A RICH SICILIAN, he never squawks to the carabinieri, is glad, in a way, that his turn has come to pay off. MAFIA IS PRETTY DECENT ABOUT IT, will never ask him for so much he'll be broke, and he knows they WON'T BOTHER HIM AGAIN FOR YEARS, if ever. If he argues, he knows they'll THROW HIM DOWN A WELL, take the money anyway. . . .

WHAT'S NEW?

First new gun development in years, weird new pistol, feeds like automatic, fires like revolver, FIRES TRIANGULAR SHELLS . . . Outdoor winter playpen of polyester plastic for girls who insist on JANUARY TANS. Cold winds blow overhead. Sun heats inside to 100 DEGREES AT FREEZING POINT . . . For the little guy, a 97-pound scale model FERRARI RACER. Does seven mph on 12-volt battery. . . .

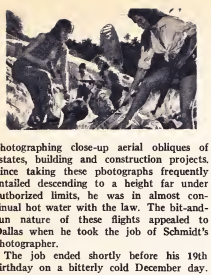
COMPRESSED AIR LOUDSPEAKER (Air Force has it) that shouts 20,000 TIMES LOUDER THAN YOUR TV at top volume . . . Real McCoy LONDON BOBBY CAPES complete with badge. Only $19, great for rain . . . MUKTUK, the newest thing in COCKTAIL PARTY EXOTICA. It's the pickled under layer of the skin of WHITE WHALES, tastes like cross between PICKLED HERRING AND LIVERWURST . . . For the guy who really does have everything: wall clock with REVERSE PRINTED FACE, hands that run backwards. . . .

A fully automatic RESTAURANT for 32 that has endless belt floor to DUMP ITS OWN TRASH, robot arms that set table and serve, and EVEN TAKES CREDIT CARDS. . . .

For the guy who's always wanted to use his POWER TOOLS IN THE WOODS: a portable power pack GOOD FOR EIGHT HOURS, rechargeable through dashboard cigarette lighter. . . .

SOUVENIR FRAGMENTS from Red shells on Quemoy . . . hot party records in STEREOPHONIC SOUND . . . leather wallpaper for the den . and HIS 'n HERS HOODED MONK ROBES for chilly weekends . . .

END



Indochina's Amazon Women

Continued from page 15

photographing close-up aerial obliques of estates, building and construction projects. Since taking these pbotographs frequently entailed descending to a height far under authorized limits, he was in almost continual hot water with the law. The bit-and-run nature of these flights appealed to Dallas when he took the job of Schmidt's photographer.

The job ended shortly before his 19th birthday on a bitterly cold December day. The bottom came out of the Ireland in a forced landing in Flushing Bay. Somehow, Dallas and Schmidt managed to swim to shore.

SCHMIDT was taken to the hospital with pneumonia. When he recovered be announced that he was through with flying. He loaned bis young protégé enough money to buy a secondhand two-place Fleet with an 80 h.p. Kinner engine.

With 357 solo hours behind bim, Dallas became a gypsy flyer. In open fields beside well-traveled highways, he took passengers on short hops. He played one-day and weekend stands from Vermont to Florida, depending upon the season.

Towards the end of 1939, he decided that there was no future in gypsying. Short sightseeing bops were no longer a novelty to passing motorists. He had repaid Schmidt and saved up a few thousand dollars and was thinking about getting another plane. The real money for a lone-operator, be had heard, was to be made as a crop duster in the midwest.

Then he learned that Claire Chennault was running a training school for Chinese flyers in Kunming, had a small group of reserve U. S. Air Corps pilots for a staff and could use a few more capable instructors.

Kunming appealed to Dallas far more than any midwestern town. He went to China at his own expense and looked up Chennault in Kunming.

Poker-faced, the general pointed to a Fleet trainer on the grassy-green airstrip.

"Take that up and let's see what you can do with it," he suggested.

Dallas had heard that the instructors were hot pilots. He took up the plane, went into an outside loop, came out of it and barreled into a series of stunts which all but tore the wings off the trainer before he brought it down again. It was one hell of a show and he looked at Chennault expectantly.

"Go on back home," the general advised him dryly. "Join a circus when you get there."

Dallas was crestfallen and asked for another chance. He wasn't usually a hot pilot, he explained. He had misunderstood the general.

He got his second chance and he also landed a job. Chennault made him a rigging instructor and grounded him for several weeks. At Kunming, he learned to fly all over again. He piloted P-40 fighters, B-10 Martin bombers and, later, C-47s which he flew over the Hump.

He joined the American Volunteer Group "Flying Tigers" soon after it was organized by Chennault in August, 1941.

Unlike a lot of the other Yank pilots, Dallas took to the life quickly and liked it all. He had a talent for picking up foreign languages and before long spoke Chinese and French with ease, and picked up enough of several dialects to more than get by on.

He had a dream: to start bis own passenger-freight airline some day. After the war, he took a job with CNAC as a pilot on the Chungking-Calcutta route. He had been saving bis money regularly and putting it into a Calcutta bank. Between flights he began shopping around for a plane of his own.

One day at the Don Muang Airport in Bangkok he came upon a DC-3 and Alfred J. K. Wilkins. Neither was much to look at.

The DC-3 was paint-peeled, with leprous-looking skin panels. One of its windshields was cracked, its instrument panel all but stripped. Dallas tried the controls and shook his head dubiously. He scraped the dirt from the plate beside the hydraulic panel and read: DOUGLAS, SANTA MONICA, CALIF., 1937. He stared at the engines and wondered how many thousands of hours they had run since the last overhaul.

Al Wilkins emerged from under the belly of the plane where he had been sleeping. He had straggly, dirty-blond hair, deep bollows under his watery blue eyes and he stank of gin and sweat. He was a one time TATRA co-pilot, down on his luck since he was dismissed for drunkenness. He had become an airport bum, occasionally doing odd jobs around Don Muang Airport.

"Still a lot of good hours left in her, chum," he said, cocking his head at Dallas.

"I dunno. Must be the first crate Douglas ever made. Look here—built before they even installed bot-air beaters."

"Armedeo, the Portygee bloke that owns her, will let her go for a song. And I'm damned handy with tools."

Trying to shill himself into a job, Dallas thought, but there was something in Wilkins' voice that made bim hesitate. Then he noticed the look of desperate appeal in the limey's eyes.

Impulsively he handed Wilkins a bill. "Maybe you can have that Armedeo bere this afternoon." He dropped into the operations office and asked some questions about Wilkins.

"Good co-pilot and mechanic if you can keep him sober, which I doubt," the airport manager commented.

That afternoon, Armedeo sold Dallas the DC-3 without much bargling in his eagerness to be rid of it. Wilkins stood by in clean coveralls. He had shaved, bathed and was cold sober.

"I'm going to give you a job," Dallas told bim grimly. "If you as much as smell a bottle of square face I'm going to fire you. But I'm going to beat the bejeezus out of you first."

He wasn't fooling. Most of bis savings went into the old DC-3. Nearly all that was left soon followed. The holes in the instrument panel were refilled with salvaged instruments from British fighters and bombers. Wings and body were repaired. Wilkins installed a secondhand water radiator and radio in the cockpit and gave the engines a major overhaul.

It was weeks before they were ready to take off. When they did, they carried a cargo of foodstuffs, evaporated milk, and three mules for Saigon. The cargo had been supplied by Armedeo, who wished them good luck with a gold-toothed smile.

Sam Dallas brought the DC-3 down in Saigon, grinning broadly and feeling eight feet tall. He was owner of his own cargo plane and he had $280 that he had cleared above his fuel cost. In addition, the old war horse had flown the mountains sedately without developing either temperament or quirks.

Dallas discovered that he had arrived in Indochina at an opportune time for a pilot with a DC-3 available. The French, fighting the Communists, were in desperate need of additional transport. The nearby kingdom of Laos was raising a militia for defense and the government was asking the French to send arms and ammunition immediately.

Dallas started his Vietnam-Laos Airline flying between Saigon and the Laos capital of Vientiane on a non-sched basis. He also made charter flights for the French military.

FLYING the DC-3 and keeping it in good maintenance with only Wilkins to help was a job which left him no time for anything else. One evening, however, after they had finished their run and Wilkins remained in the cockpit to tinker with the radio, Dallas looked about for relaxation.

He had heard about the magnificent bordello and gambling casino in nearby Cholon. It had been set up by a former guerrilla chief who had become wealthy and notorious in government service. The ladies in the Grand Monde were reputed to be the most beautiful and talented joy girls in the Orient.

Dallas had intended to kill a few bours at the roulette table. But that was before he poked his head into the "parlor."

The parlor was in reality a luxurious reception room, presided over by Madame Haeng, one-time favorite concubine of the Communist leader Ho Chi Minh. She was a willowy Chinese of about 35.

There were nine or ten girls in the room, every one of them stunning. Dallas' glance went from a platinum-haired beauty wearing a black negligee, net stockings and red mules to a redhead in a green evening gown. Next to her was a dark-haired voluptuous Egyptian

girl. Then he saw Nan Luke. For Sam Dallas, as for many another visitor to the parlor of the Grand Monde, it was the end of the parade.

Indisputably, the Eurasion was a gorgeous thing, a sensuous show-piece reclining on a turquoise silken-cushioned divan, wearing a snowy satin evening gown that enhanced the lustrous highlights of her long black hair, the creamy smoothness of her bare shoulders.

"Monsieur has an appointment?"

The courteous voice of Madame Haeng, low as a purring cat, brought Dallas back to earth. He shook his head.

"Just dropped in. Who is that girl?"

"Her name, Monsieur, is Nan Luke."

Madame Haeng had answered his question without turning; they always asked first about her No. 1 joy girl.

"Is she, er—available?"

Madame Haeng had been scrutinizing Dallas carefully, trying to place him in the right category.

"It is a source of profound regret, Monsieur, that none of my girls are available this evening. Such arrangements, please understand, are made by appointment only. You are, perhaps, an American official on business in Saigon?"

"Not exactly." So that was what his neat blue sports jacket and gray flannels did for him. "I'm a flyer, Sam Dallas. I own the Vietnam-Laos Airline."

"Again I must express my regrets, Monsieur Dallas. Perhaps on another evening when it is convenient . . ."

He wasn't listening to her purring. Nan Luke had been watching him and smiling. She arose from the divan and sauntered toward him.

"I have heard of you, Captain Dallas."

"You have?" he was both pleased and skeptical. "I had no idea my name was getting around."

Still smiling, Nan Luke gave Madame Haeng a cryptic look.

"Of course, if Monsieur is a friend of yours. But about your appointment with the general . . . ?"

Nan Luke nodded toward the platinum blonde. "He sometimes expresses admiration for black net stockings and red mules with very high heels."

Madame Haeng murmured something and moved in the direction of the blonde. Nan Luke reached out a slender hand.

"Come. It would not be diplomatic for General Darap to find us here together when he arrives."

NAN Luke guided him to her suite on the floor above. There was a small but exquisitely furnished living room with a bar. A door stood open into a bedroom walled with mirrors.

"A drink, Captain?"

"Scotch. Straight."

He watched her as she filled a thin crystal shot glass for him, and made a scotch and soda for herself.

He experienced suddenly an odd feeling of embarrassment. This was no ordinary bordello, and Nan Luke was no ordinary prostitute. She was beautiful, in a class by herself, and probably as expensive as hell.

"About the usual—preliminary?" he said awkwardly, reaching for his worn wallet.

"'Usual preliminary?' Oh. You mean how much are you supposed to pay for my company for the night? Nothing."

He stared at her. "I don't get it," he said suspiciously.

With a provocative smile, the Eurasian unfastened her gown and stepped gracefully out of it, standing before him in a wisp of a bra and filmy little panties. Her arms moved upward, gently circling his neck.

"Suppose we say it is because I like you, Captain Dallas," she murmured, "I like you very much."

He picked her up and carried her into the bedroom.

He awoke with the silky softness of her hair lying against his cheek. Turning his head, he saw her smiling softly at him.

"There are some American cigarettes on that table beside you, Captain," she murmured, "if you'd like one."

"Shall I light one for you?" he asked.

"No thank you." She sat up in bed, clasping her hands around her fine legs. "I'd like to talk."

He perched himself on the edge of the bed and waited.

"Many important patrons come here to the Grand Monde and I hear many things said. Some can mean much."

"Like what?" he asked. This, he figured was the catch coming up, the reason for "no preliminary."

"I know where there is gold buried, enough of it to make us both wealthy. I can get it with your help."

He stared at her. "Is this why you ditched the general last night for me?"

"You put it bluntly, Captain. But, could you think of a more expedient way, were you in my place?"

"I'm busy trying to build up an air line," he told her. "I don't have time to go off wild-catting on some crazy treasure hunt. Let's get down to business. How much do I owe you for last night? Or is it still because you like me?"

She shook her head gravely.

"You owe me nothing, Captain, except a chance to explain."

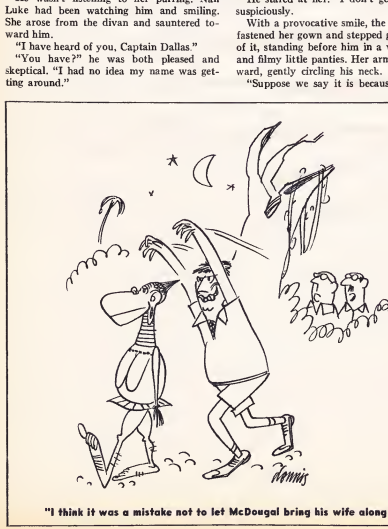
There wasn't the slightest doubt about the gold, she told him. She knew where 1200 pounds of 20-pound gold ingots were buried near a rice paddy, close by Kratie on the Mekong River in Cambodia. The gold had been hidden by Bao Dai or his partner, Le Van Vien, on one of their tiger-hunting excursions across the border, some time after Bao Daí ceased to be Emperor of Annam and became Chief of State of Vietnam within the French Union.

They supposedly had made several other caches in preparation for clearing out of the country but this one Nan Luke had definite information about. The details had been confided to her by a patron who had been a member of the hunting party. She did not reveal his name, but Dallas strongly suspected it was her friend General Darap.

Nan Luke pointed out shrewdly that legally the gold now belonged to no one but the finder. It had been in the treasury of Vietnam under the French Union, which was now partitioned. Le Van Vien, a multi-millionaire, was in retirement in France. Bao Dai, equally wealthy, was somewhere on the Continent. No one would be harmed if they succeeded in obtaining the gold and they had as much right to look for it as anyone else. They also had the inside track.

Dallas demanded more details. Nan Luke had them at her finger tips. She had been waiting a long time for a plane and a partner. She had heard about Sam Dallas while making a few discreet inquiries at the Saigon Airport. When he'd walked in last evening, she'd decided to present her proposition.

Dallas walked into the other room and poured himself a drink. All his life he had made quick decisions, and this looked like a real opportunity. It wouldn't be a screwy



"I think it was a mistake not to let McDougal bring his wife along . . ."

treasure hunt hased on a lot of douhtful legends. It was all laid out for him and he was convinced that the girl knew what she was talking about. She wasn't the type to go overhoard for some crackpot scheme. Anyway, the most he stood to lose was one or two charter flights and a full load of fuel.

He made a deal with Nan Luke: straight down the middle on all the gold they'd find. Neither of them thought it incongruous that their husiness partnership was consummated in a luxurious hed in the fanciest hordello in Cholon. . . .

Eleven days later, after flying over the mountains and landing on a hroad green strip of sawai pasture near the Mekong, Dallas and Wilkins dug into the ground near the edge of a rice paddy. Only Nan Luke, and a couple of water huffalo wallowing contentedly in the paddy, observed their efforts.

After two hours of digging in a crisscross, exploratory pattern, Wilkins' shovel struck the side of a small wooden box. One after another, 19 more identical hoxes were recovered. It was all there—all 1200 pounds, worth $672,000.

They loaded the hoxes aboard the DC-3 and triumphantly flew eastward, making altitude towards the mountains.

There was just one gimmick Sam Dallas hadn't figured on: the malfunctioning of the DC-3's ancient starhoard engine. . . .

As soon as the plane ground to a stop, Dallas was out of his helt and rising to his feet. For a moment, he was a bit unsteady. Then he snapped out of it and turned to Wilkins who was unhuckling his helt.

"You okay?"

"I'm okay."

"We'll have to hop to it. Right wing's caught fire from the engine. Grah our .45's first. Throw out anything else you can latch onto in a hurry. I'm going hack to see about the girl."

The cockpit door was sprung and Dallas crashed it open noisily with his shoulder. Nan Luke was slumped in the hucket seat, held there hy her safty-helt. She was out cold and an ugly-looking, purplish splotch surrounded a small, open wound on her forehead, above her right eye.

Dallas kicked aside the hroken piece of hulwark hracing that had hit her. He opened her seat helt, and picked her up, carrying her forward.

Outside, Wilkins had quickly gone to work on the wing with the fire extinguisher. The hlaze was out; all that remained was a column of heavy, slowly rising smoke.

"Under control, chum," Wilkins called out. "Here! I'll lend a hand."

REACHING up for the girl, he carried her several yards from the wrecked plane and placed her down gently in the grass.

Dallas paused at the small pile of articles Wilkins had removed from the cockpit. Gathering up the two gun helts with their holstered .45 automatics, he handed one of them to Wilkins. "Belt this on. You may need it hefore we're out of this."

Buckling the other .45 around his own lean waist, he looked about the clearing carefully. Anyone who had observed the DC-3's erratic maneuvers over Mimot San peak most certainly knew hy now that the plane had come down. He didn't intend to take any chances on heing surprised—especially with 1200 pounds of gold ingots in the wrecked plane.

The mountains were a no-man's-land of enemy Viet Minhs and independent guerrilla hands. The Communist Viet Minh had heen active in this part of Cochin China for a long time, although their forces were small compared to the Chinese-supplied Viet Minh armies of the North.

Following the cease-fire of July 21, 1954 when the long war was officially ended, Indochina had heen divided into two along the Ben Hai river in an uneasy truce. Dallas had heard stories in Saigon that at least one or more Communist hands, defying the authorihs of the newly established Republic of Vietnam, were roaming the mountains in the area around Mimot San peak, descending to the villages of the flatlands to pillage and murder. He nodded approval when Wilkins drew his .45 and methodically examined the action and loaded clip.

That done, Wilkins turned his attention hack to the still unconscious girl.

"Blimey! Think she copped it serious?"

"Can't tell yet," Dallas admitted. "Pass me the water jug."

Kneeling down heside Nan Luke he poured a little water on his handkerchief and applied the damp cloth to her forehead.

The girl stirred slightly, moaned, and finally opened her eyes, regarding him with a hlank stare from under long, curling lashes.

"Take it easy," he cautioned her. "We came down rather hard and you got a had hump."

She moaned again, raising her hand to her head. "My head hurts and I feel giddy," she said. Then, "The hoxes?"

"Still safe in the cargo compartment."

He told himself that if she could worry ahout the gold she couldn't be seriously hurt.

"We going to do something ahout those hoxes?" Wilkins asked.

Dallas nodded; they had heen very much on his mind. He turned to Nan Luke.

"I've figured out where we go from here. Do you feel well enough now to do some listening?"

A wan smile appeared on her oval face. "Would you mind lighting a cigarette for me first?"

He reached for the open pack in his hush shirt and flicked his lighter. She took a long, deliherate puff, exhaling the smoke gratefully.

"There's only one way to handle this now," Dallas hegan. "We can't tote 1200 pounds of ingots down through the mountains. Not even if we go on, find water huffalo or oxen in a village and hring 'em back. We'd he sticking our neck out for trouhle, maybe a Commie hijack.

"We'll have to hury the hoxes somewhere near here, go on to Cholon and make a deal with Wu Sang for a helicopter to carry 'em out. Any objections?"

Wilkins shrugged his shoulders. He was willing to leave the decisions to Dallas. The girl looked thoughtful.

She said: "You know Wu Sang's reputation."

Dallas nodded. He knew it all right.

Wu Sang was an elderly Chinese with a wispy gray heard and the appearance of an oriental patriarch. He lived in a small house on the Street of Perfume, just hehind the Metropole Hotel in Cholon. He dealt in munitions, narcotics, women and various other lucrative commodities as opportunity arose. He could provide anything, for a price. There wasn't the slightest douht that he would demand—and get—an exorhitant sum for the use of a 'copter.

"I've some money and jewelry in a hank vault in Saigon," Nan Luke suggested tentatively. "It is enough, perhaps, to—"

Dallas stopped her with an emphatic shake of his head.

"We need more than money. It takes connections to get a 'copter. Wu Sang has them."

She gave in then. "You know hest how to handle it, Captain Dallas."

Leaving Wilkins hehind with Nan Luke, Dallas prowled into the forest heyond the clearing, seeking a suitable hiding place. He decided on a small gully, well concealed hy thick brush.

He and Wilkins unloaded the hoxes from the plane, dug a deep hole with the trenching spades they carried ahoard and huried the hoxes. It was almost twilight hefore they finished, but the ingots were carefully hidden.

Night came swiftly and with it a hrilliant three-quarter moon. They prepared a meal from the supply of tinned meat, hiscuit and other stores they'd had ahoard and Dallas hrought out a small hottle of cognac, which he'd found unhroken in one of the supply lockers.

Nan Luke declared she was feeling much hetter and insisted that she would he fit enough after a night's sleep to hegin the trip down through the mountains. They studied the terrain map and made their plans. Beyond Mimot San peak the map showed only unmarked mountains for a distance of approximately 45 miles, to the foothill village of Loc Nin, from which a road ran southwest to Saigon.

NAN Luke finished her cognac, and Dallas ordered her to hed. She didn't argue hut climhed into the plane to hed down on the pneumatic mattress they had left in the cargo compartment with hlankets and her luggage.

Wilkins and Dallas hedded down outside. Wilkins was asleep almost immediately, and Dallas closed his eyes and tried to ignore the co-pilot's adenoidal snoring. It had heen a tough day, one of the toughest he'd had in a long time. The entire assets of the Vietnam-Laos Airline had collapsed into junk with the crack-up of the DC-3.

He wasn't hroke, however. Far from it—if he could only make a halfway reasonahle deal with old Wu Sang to fly the hoxes out hy 'copter. Then he'd have enough to huy one of those sweet DC-4s over in Rangoon and come hack with his airline stronger than ever.

He woke up from a heavy sleep with a sharp, pricking sensation at the hase of his throat and a weight on his chest. Above him, in the soft, slurring cadence the Vietnams use in speaking French, he heard a voice ordering him to unhuckle his gun helt.

Sleep fled from his eyes and he looked up startled. A needle-pointed native sword—a *likubang*—painfully menaced his throat; a hare foot was planted firmly on his chest.

He oheyed the order, cursing himself for his negligence in not arranging with Wilkins to take turns keeping watch throughout the night.

"Get to your feet. Place your hands hehind your hack!"

He oheyed incredulously after getting a good look at the hlack-shirted figure standing hefore him in the moonlight. Not a Viet Minh guerrilla, as he had first helieved, hut a girl with a hlack silk scarf hound around her head. She could not have heen more than 18, hut her waist was helted with a



hlack cummerhund from which the naked blade of a wickedly curved *musri* protruded.

He winced. A thin, wire-like thong had suddenly hitten cruelly into his wrists. Another girl had slipped up behind him and was tying his hands tightly. Abruptly he became aware of several other figures around him, silent as moving shadows in the moonlight. Two of them shoved Wilkins forward.

Dallas observed movement near the DC-3. Three of the girls were about to enter the plane. Two of them carried likuhangs; the third had a Sten gun which she held at waist level.

Nan Luke was asleep in the plane and this trio was hound to discover her.

His apprehension ahout Nan Luke yielded to rising anger at his own situation. He harked out in French: "What the devil's the meaning of this? Who are you?"

THE girl took a quick step forward—he didn't have time to duck—and chopped him hard across the mouth.

He glared at her while she studied him with narrowed eyes.

"You are a French official from Saigon, yes!"

It sounded to Dallas far more like an accusation than a question. He shook his head.

"I am an American, a pilot. I was flying to Saigon when I cracked up my plane. You can see for yourself."

He nodded toward the plane and didn't see the second hlow coming. It rocked his head hack.

"Do not talk to me as if I were a child. I am Repon Sirik, leader of this hand of Hoa Haos."

Now he knew what they were up against. He had heard of the rebellious Hoa Hao sect of western Cochin China, and the fanatical hands of female warriors. He had heard stories of their ferocity and cruelty in amhushing hoth Communist Viet Minhs and government patrols. They liked to take prisoners, to he killed hy slow torture as a warning to all Commies and Vietnamese to stay out of their territory. When pursued they retreated into the mountain forests and disappeared, elusive as ghosts.

"Look," Dallas said, "I'm giving it to you straight. We're neutral in whatever feud you happen to he carrying on. Landing here was an accident and—"

A scream from Nan Luke stopped him. The three Hoa Haos were dragging her from the plane and she was resisting them desperately, kicking out at them with her hare feet, clawing at them with her hands.

They were more than a match for her. The tallest of the trio was dragging her hy the hair while the one with the Sten gun watched. The three herded her roughly forward, thrusting her before their leader.

Repon Sirik surveyed Nan Luke contemptuously, her glance lingering on the lacy white panties and flower emhroidered hrassiere Nan Luke had gone to sleep in. The Hoa Hao leader glanced briefly at the silent Wilkins then turned to Dallas.

"This one with the painted face is your woman?"

"No. She is the passenger we were flying to Saigon."

Repon Sirik motioned to the nearest Hoa Hao.

"Bind her hands!"

Dallas started to protest and stopped short, as the Hoa Hao with the Sten stepped forward and he found himself staring into the stuhhy gun harrel.

"Kneel!" Repon Sirik ordered the Eurasian, The hlade of her likuhang gleamed as it moved upward.

Nan Luke screamed out in terror and tried to draw hack. Two Hoa Haos seized her roughly, forcing her to her knees. One of them twined her fingers in Nan Luke's silky hair, pull her head forward and down. Dallas went stiff with horror, realizing Repon Sirik intended to decapitate the girl.

"Wait!" he shouted.

The Hoa Hao leader glanced toward him, gripping the handle of the likuhang in both of her hands. The girl with the Sten whispered something quickly into her ear.

"Does this painted one mean something to you?" Repon Sirik watched him narrowly as she asked the question.

Dallas hesitated, sweating while he tried to fathom the meaning of her words. Nan Luke's life, he realized, depended on how he answered.

"Yes," he said, "she means much to me."

Repon Sirik and the girl with the Sten exchanged glances. Dallas felt weak with reaction when the Hoa Hao released her clutch on Nan Luke's hair and she was ordered to her feet. He had said the right thing.

TURNING away, Repon Sirik gave an order and the Hoa Haos closed in around them. For the first time Dallas observed the entire group. He counted 11 of them. They were all young. Some, like their leader, were quite attractive. All hut one of them had good, rather slim figures and carried themselves with easy, athletic grace.

Herding the three captives together, the Hoa Haos moved off across the clearing in the direction of the woods. Nan Luke walked in silent terror between Dallas and Wilkins.

Repon Sirik halted in the darkness of the cedars. Ignoring Nan Luke, she freed the hands of the two men, cutting the thongs from their wrists with her muzri.

"Now," she ordered coolly, "you will return to your airplane and to your sleep exactly as we found you. Your painted one will remain here with Lusa—" she motioned the girl with the sten forward. "If you try to escape or show the slightest treachery, Lusa will cut her throat."

"I don't understand," Dallas said.

Repon Sirik smiled coldly. "It is very simple. There are Viet Minh guerrillas here in the mountains led by a chief, Ban Pak, with whom we long have had a score to settle. He has observed your plane come down even as we have. He will be attracted to it as a bee to a honey-flower. When he comes he will find only you and this other one. But we shall he hidden in the forest—waiting."

Dallas thought quickly. There was no out; they'd have to play along.

"You promise no harm will come to Nan Luke?"

"That depends on you," Repon Sirik said grimly. "She is my hostage. You have said she means much to you."

"Okay," Dallas said, "but untie her hands. She isn't going to try to escape."

Nan Luke's numhed hands were freed, and Dallas took off his hush shirt and slipped it around her hare shoulders, whispering to her not to worry.

The two men walked out of the woods, retracing their steps across the clearing.

As they neared the plane, Wilkins said, "I hate the stinkin' Commie Viets, hut suppose we warn this Ban Pak if he shows up with his hlokes? Mayhe he'll help us."

Dallas shook his head. "That'd he as had as running out on Nan Luke. First thing the Hoa Haos would do would he to kill her. Repon Sirik isn't fooling."

They dropped wearily down into the elephant grass and stretched out tensely to wait. How long they would have to wait or what they would do when Ban Pak and his guerrilla band appeared neither of them knew.

They shared one consoling thought: the Hoa Haos as yet did not seem to have the slightest inkling of the 1200 pounds of gold they had buried in the forest.

Wilkins went back to sleep and back to his snoring. Dallas lay without moving, wide-awake, sweating it out, remembering and trying to discount some of the more bizarre tales he had heard about the Hoa Haos in the Saigon pubs. There were stories that they practiced sorcery and black magic; that the Hoa Hao warriors, men and women, possessed fanatical courage and believed themselves invincible.

He had heard stories about weird practices among odd-ball sects and cults in the mountains and jungles ever since coming to Indochina. In the mangroves around Yutrang, for instance, a hearded guerrilla chief named Tay Lok had set himself up as a "Devil King," ordered his followers to carry the heads of young virgins with them in burlap sacks to make themselves "invisible" on raids.

"A guy can go off his rocker listening to stuff like that," he had commented to Wilkins once and his co-pilot had phlegmatically agreed.

What did come back to bim and made sense was an article by a United Press correspondent who had succeeded in making his way unharmed through Hoa Hao territory. He reported that they belonged to a primitive Buddhist cult and were ruled by a warlord; Tran Van Soai. Starting in 1949, with a group of 300 girls chosen from among the most courageous and athletic in their mountain villages, Lethi Gam—Soai's wife—had given them commando and guerrilla training, taught them to fight with knives and swords, as well as submachine guns.

She had formed them into a corps of modern young Amazons who carried out swift and successful raids while the hands of male warriors fought under Tran Van Soai. They were all fiercely determined to maintain their independence from the French, the Viet Communists and the Vietnamese. . . .

WILKINS woke up and raised bimself up on his elbows.

"Too bad we didn't have a burp gun hidden aboard the plane. Or even a few grenades. What happens to us after Ban Pak and his lads get busbwhacked?"

Dallas didn't have an answer. "I'm hoping the Hoa Haos will send us on our way."

The guerrillas came into sight just after dawn. Seven men, most of them in cast-off army khakis, approached from the direction of the granite-like rocks on the mountain shoulder. They were armed with carbines or rifles, and two or three also carried revolvers in the waistbands of pants or bush shorts.

They came on unsuspectingly. Dallas had the feeling that they had been hiding among the rocks and waiting for daylight.

"Crummy looking lot," Wilkins whispered.

Their leader, Ban Pak, had a narrow, pock-marked face. His thick black hair was held out of his eyes by a dirty rag sweatband, giving his bead an oddly top-heavy appearance. His voice was deceptively mild.

"You bave cigarettes?"

Taking the open pack from Dallas' hand, he lit a cigarette, dropped the pack into bis torn shirt pocket and eyed the DC-3 speculatively.

"Wbat have you heen carrying to Saigon?"

"Nothing," Dallas lied. "We were flying back empty from Laos."

"So?" Ban Pak's voice suddenly was harsh and accusing. "Your plane approached Mimot San yesterday from the west, not north. It is also unusual for only two men to fly such a hig plane."

Dallas shrugged his shoulders. "See for yourself. Go ahoard and look around."

Abruptly he remembered something. Nan Luke's luggage was in the cargo compartment, so were the blankets and pneumatic mattress she had been using. Ban Pak would soon discover that there had been a woman aboard.

"We carried a woman passenger to Vientiane," Dallas said, trying to anticipate suspicious questions. "The wife of a French official. She came down with fever soon after leaving Saigon, and was taken to the hospital as soon as we arrived."

The look on Ban Pak's face sbowed his disbelief.

"I think you lie," he said, turning towards the plane. "If—"

"Hoa Haos!" One of his men was pointing in alarm.

Several figures appeared at the edge of the clearing, advancing in a crescent formation, their leader Repon Sirik in the center. Beside her, on the right, strode a short, chunky girl carrying the Sten. There was no sign of Lusa or the Eurasian.

"Drop!" Dallas whispered to Wilkins quickly.

They hit the ground together, forgotten for the moment hy the guerrillas.

Ban Pak and bis men were caught completely by surprise. For a few hrief seconds they seemed uncertain whether to make a stand or retreat.

The Sten gunner opened fire, and the slugs tore through the grass, finding targets. Four of the guerrillas died swiftly; tbe others frantically threw themselves into the grass.

Repon Sirik shouted a command and the Sten stopped its deadly chatter. Screaming shrilly and waving their likubangs, tbe Hoa Haos surged forward.

One of the guerrillas snaked quietly through the grass and Dallas identified Ban Pak. The guerrilla leader had discarded his carbine and now carried his shiny, nickel-plated revolver in his hand. His face was distorted with fear and anger as he spotted the two flyers. Evidently he suspected that they bad decoyed him into this trap.

"Wilkins!" Dallas called out. The warning was quick, intuitive. He sensed that the frenzied Ban Pak sought vengeance, if not escape.

The co-pilot turned bis head to look around. Ban Pak thrust his arm forward. At a distance of less than three feet he shot Wilkins through the mouth, just before Dallas lunged.

Dallas jumped him, white wit9 rage, twisting the guerrilla leader's wrist until he dropped the gun. Then he grabbed him by the neck, his thumbs stabbing cruelly into Ban Pak's throat. He kept on squeezing relentlessly until two Hoa Haos pulled bim away. He tried to break away from them, to get back at Ban Pak and finisb him off. But the Hoa Haos hung onto his arms, holding him back.

The girl with the Sten gun berded the three surviving guerrillas, including Ban Pak, together. Repon Sirik gave an order and six of the Hoa Haos moved off, positioning themselves in a douhle line several feet apart. They stood silently poised, each grasping the handle of ber likuhang with both bands.

"You!" Repon Sirik pointed to a prisoner. "Run!"

The condemned man gave her a look of desperate appeal. The Sten gunner brought the muzzle of her weapon up between bis shoulder blades with a jab. The man darted forward.

He sped past the first pair of girls. Abruptly the likubang of the second girl on the right flashed out to meet him and his head jumped from his shoulders. The headless body took two more ghastly steps before collapsing.

With a shrill scream of terror, the second guerrilla bolted between the two lines. The silent executioners were waiting for him. It was the third girl on the left who swung her likubang expertly at the victim's neck. She did not miss.

A SHUDDER of horror ran through Dallas' body. The anger had gone out of bim and he suddenly felt sick. He saw Repon Sirik watching him. She stood like a figure carved out of ivory, her young face devoid of expression. Sweating, Dallas dug his fingers into his palms, fighting down nausea.

Ban Pak did not even get off to a running start. When he was ordered forward the first girl on the right promptly brought him down with her likubang, hamstringing him with an adept chop to the back of his knees. He shrieked loudly for mercy before the others finished him off with their curved knives.

Repon Sirik gave a few rapid orders and then turned to Dallas. "Our village is two days march from here. You will come with us."

He shook his head, anger rising within him again. They had kept the bargain and now poor Wilkins was dead. It was time for a showdown.

"It is finished," he said angrily. "You've killed your guerrillas. Now release the girl and let us go."

"The woman with the painted face is no longer here," Repon Sirik informed bim coolly.

The words stunned him. "If you've killed her, you double-crossing little devil—"

Her eyes flashed. The knuckles of her hand whitened as she gripped the hilt of the likubang hard. For a moment, Dallas was very close to death. Then she spoke.

"I have abided by the agreement. You have said you value this woman. I sent her on to the village with Lusa so that no barm would come to her. They left here well before the arrival of Ban Pak and his men."

He didn't know whether to believe her or not, but there was only one way to find out if she was telling the truth.

"Okay, I'll come along with you."

She smiled then. "I think you have no other choice, American."

Stringing out in a double column, the Hoa Haos headed towards the woods, the chunky girl with the Sten gun bringing up the rear. Repon Sirik set the pace and Dallas discovered that the girls were tireless walkers as they swung along a narrow, almost indiscernable trail. They encountered no one, thougb many such trails crisscrossed their own.

Dallas soon understood the reason for the

numerous trails. Making their way down the side of the mountain through the thickness of cedar forests, they emerged into occasional clearings brilliant with gently waving opium poppies. He had often see such fields from the air when flying over the mountains along the horder. He knew there was an active, though supposedly controlled, trade in opium although he had never transported any of the stuff. Even legally, it was a trade he didn't want to have anything to do with.

Towards midday they traversed a granite cliff above the floor of a mountain-encircled valley, crossed a narrow strip of bottom land and began climbing the slope on the far side. A short while later they came to a sparkling little mountain lake amid the woods. At the water's edge, close by a shelf of rock, Repon Sirik signaled a halt.

Breaking silence with shouts and laughter the Hoa Haos immediately began stripping off their uniforms. Stark naked, they dove into the cooling water, swimming and splashing playfully about. The transformation from grim young warriors to laughing young girls was so unexpected and complete that for a moment or two Dallas found it hard to believe.

Repon Sirik had removed her shirt when she caught his glance. Her hard, young, athletic body reminded Dallas of the figures carved in the walls of the Great Temple of the Khmers at the ruins of Angkor Wat in Cambodia.

"You may swim," the girl suggested casually before moving toward the edge of the lake and completing her undressing.

Balancing herself gracefully upon a fallen log she waded out over the water. For a moment or two, aware that Dallas was watching her, she stood motionless in the sunlight. Then she dived expertly into the water and swam out to join the others.

The lake was inviting but Dallas delayed purposely. The Hoa Haos had left their clothing in little piles, together with their likubangs and knives, and he scanned the piles with interest. A thought had occurred to him as soon as the Hoa Haos had started for the water: the Sten gun, or at least his own .45, might be among the discarded weapons.

Then he turned to look up at the rocks and his hopes fell. The chunky girl was lying up there fully dressed. He hadn't noticed before that she had quietly climbed up there with the Sten gun and mounted guard.

She surveyed him with a knowing grin. She understood full well what had been in his mind.

Thwarted, he started to strip down, ignoring the girls in the water.

THE lake was refreshing. A strong swimmer, he swam far out, turned over on his back and floated for a long while. No one disturbed him. Except for the faint chatter of female voices and sounds of laughter he might have been alone.

When he swam back to shore he found that some of the girls were already dressed and busy at small fires. The aroma of food cooking reached him. They were preparing pots of *jiao*—rice and sun-dried Mekong eel.

Repon Sirik had changed clothes. She looked trim and fresh in clean black shirt with yellow-helted hlack shorts. He wondered where the clothing had come from; on the march the Hoa Hoas had carried only their weapons.



Repon Sirik motioned for him to join her. She told him that the hand had a camp back among the trees which they frequently used when patrolling the mountains—that explained the clothes. They would remain here for the night she said, and perhaps go on to their village at Sunap on the following morning.

"Perhaps?" he said angrily. "What about Nan Luke? You agreed to take me to her!"

Repon Sirik nodded impatiently. "Tonight we will talk of her. And of other matters."

That evening, after everyone had eaten, they walked together along the shore of the lake. He sensed a change in the girl's attitude toward him. She seemed friendly, not like the aggressive young leader of a band of Amazons, but a girl much like other girls he had known.

She was quiet until they were well out of sight of camp and he curhed his impatience, yielding diplomatically to her mood. Beyond a hend in the shore they sat down and looked out across the moonlit lake.

"It is your wish to talk about Nan Luke," she said. "Very well. Is she your woman?"

The unexpectedness of the question caught him offguard.

"She was a passenger on my plane," he answered cautiously. "I am responsihle for her safety, just as you are responsible for the members of your band."

She nodded. This she could understand.

"Then she means nothing to you. Only that she was in your charge?"

He hesitated, trying to figure out what she was leading up to. It occurred to him that she might have been concealed somewhere in the woods, watching, when he and Wilkins had buried the gold. That she had bided her time, waiting until now to question him.

Her next words told him he was far off course. Her voice hecame low and soft; her eyes appraised him with frank approval.

"The woman, Nan Luke, is soft. She is like the *tjid* vine which must cling to a strong tree to live and strangles it in time. This is not a good mating."

He knew what she was driving at now, and cursed himself for his blindness. She wanted him. She had shown it in her jealousy of Nan Luke; in the way she had posed nakedly on the log in the lake, knowing he was watching her. Her wooing had followed the pattern of many primitive women.

"The woman will be returned safely to Saigon," she said quietly.

She looked very young, very desirable, and he was tempted. But he knew it could not be just for the night. This proud young girl didn't play that way.

"I'm going back to Saigon," he said curtly. "Nan Luke is going with me. This is the agreement."

Anger blazed in her eyes. Her lips hardened into a thin line. Once again she was the proud young Amazon leader. With a scornful shrug of her shoulders she started hack to the Hoa Hao camp. Dallas followed silently after her.

He did not see Repon Sirik again. That night, before retiring to a small grass hut far hack among the trees, she sent a messenger on to meet Lusa in Sunap.

After a restless night in the open near the lake shore, Dallas was aroused at dawn by Puya, the chunky girl, and another member of the hand. Puya carried the Sten gun, the other girl a bundle wrapped in vine leaves.

They set off from the camp, following a

trail down the far side of the mountain. Late in the morning they approached a small stupa, a wayside Buddhist shrine at a trail intersection in the valley. Here Lusa and Nan Luke were waiting for them. The Eurasian's eyes brightened with relief when she caught sight of Dallas.

At a nod from Puya the other girl handed Dallas the bundle wrapped in vine leaves.

"Repon Sirik's orders were to give you this when you started on the path for Saigon."

The bundle held his .45 and gun belt. He buckled the belt around his waist and checked the clip.

Without another word the three Hoa Haos started back up the trail to the camp.

Dallas turned his attention to Nan Luke.

She stood beside the stupa, swaying on her feet, close to exhaustion. She smiled at him wanly and Wilkins' words came back to him. "She's a cool one, right enough." But she couldn't go on on guts alone.

"It's 30 miles to Loc Nin, maybe more. You need some rest before we start out."

She had been glancing up the mountain, as if expecting to see someone on the trail.

"Where is your co-pilot? Are we to wait for him here?"

"Wilkins is dead."

The words escaped before he stopped to think what a shock they would he to her. She turned, tears filling her eyes. A shudder ran through her body.

"They killed him?" she whispered. "Those women savages?"

"No. A guerrilla named Ban Pak. I'll tell you about it later."

A short distance from the trail, near a stand of vivid green finger bananas, he found a resting place and Nan Luke dropped to the grass gratefully. In a few minutes she was sound asleep.

He looked at her curled up and suddenly the incongruity of her outfit struck him. She was still wearing the hush shirt he had given her; the ends reached to her shapely knees.

Stretching out on the ground near her it wasn't long before he, too, was asleep.

FOUR days march later, they reached the village of Loc Nin on the North-South road to Saigon. The bonze in the Buddhist temple was most helpful. He was an old man who had seen many things in his long life and although Nan Luke's bizarre costume must have puzzled him, he did not indicate it by word or expression.

He fed them, procurred a clean cotton gown and straw sandals for Nan Luke and a native *cai non*, a conical coolie hat made of two layers of palm leaf.

When Dallas inquired about transportation to Saigon, the bonze smiled. They were most fortunate, he informed them. There would be no need to engage a cart. That very afternoon Dong Nek, the weekly mail courier, would pass through the village in his swift motor vehicle. They would he certain to intercept him if they waited in the square.

Wishing them a *"chuc cac bin may man,"* a happy and placid journey, the bonze sent them on their way.

They waited for two hours in the square before a noisy, decrepit pick-up truck came into sight. Behind the wheel the round-faced little mail courier bore down on his horn, scattering pigs and chickens in happy abandon. Dallas grinned.

"This must be the bonze's swift motor vehicle," he chuckled.

To Dong Nek, Nan Luke was one of the most attractive women he had ever seen. A little too skinny for his own taste, personally he preferred them plump. But she was probably a good and obedient wife or concubine to this blond American. Eyeing the .45, Dong Nek assumed that Dallas was an officer with the U.S. Military Assistance Group and treated him with deference.

The pick-up deposited them in front of the Saigon post office and Dallas hailed a taxi. He knew exactly what he intended to do; he had been thinking about it all the way from Loc Nin.

"The sooner we see Wu San and set up the deal for a 'copter the better," he told Nan Luke. "No telling when a plane flying over the mountains will spot the wreck of the DC-3, and then the authorities will start asking a lot of questions."

Wu Sang received them in his little house in the Street of Perfume in Cholon. He knew them both; Dallas through chartered cargo flights in the past, Nan Luke less directly. There had been occasions on which he had made arrangements with Madame Haeng for entertainment of a particularly important client in the Grand Monde. He had always specified Nan Luke, and the clients expressed unqualified appreciation to Wu Sang afterwards. Wu Sang, as always profited.

He served tiny cups of tea ceremoniously as he always did before discussing business. He asked no questions, indicated no curiosity. He exuded an aura of patriarchial benevolence, as he sat pulling at his wispy gray beard, waiting for his visitors to talk.

Wu Sang, everyone agreed, had his merits. He might charge the highest interest rate in Indochina or demand an arm and a leg in commission. But he never violated a confidence, whether or not a deal was consummated. This was not only merit but life insurance as well. Dealing with many dangerous factions, Wu Sang had contrived to remain alive and healthy long after other entrepreneurs in his uncertain business had died swiftly.

Sam Dallas told him the whole story omitting no details.

A gleam appeared in Wu Sang's shrewd little eyes at the mention of the 1200 pounds of gold ingots buried in the forest on the mountain near Mimot San peak. The eyes clouded with sadness when Dallas asked him to procure a 'copter for them to fly the gold out.

"I am sorry that I cannot be of service to you in this undertaking, interesting as it may be," Wu Sang said courteously.

Dallas and Nan Luke exchanged glances. They both thought it was one of Wu Sang's oblique tactics: absolute discouragement first, paving the way to an exorbitant fee.

"You mean, you can't lay your hands on a 'copter?"

Wu Sang shook his head. "A helicopter is not difficult to procure. Its flight to the mountain top, however, would be anticipated by the authorities of the Viet Nam government."

"You mean, they've already spotted the DC-3?"

Wu Sang nodded gravely. "$672,000 worth of gold is a considerable sum. Under different circumstances I might suggest some subterfuge or counsel patient waiting. In this instance, however, the suspicions of the authorities have been aroused to a point of certainty."

A look of incredulity appeared on Dallas' face. It was reflected on the face of Nan Luke. Wu Sang made a small, apologetic gesture with his bony hands.

"It is quite simple. General Darap is a patron of the Grand Monde, and a particular admirer of this young lady. Naturally, he has informed himself of other admirers. He also remembers that once, in a moment of indiscretion, he revealed to her some information about the hiding place of twenty small boxes, on the Mekong River in Cambodia."

DALLAS nodded soberly. It all added up. Wu Sang had his own, exceedingly accurate, sources of information.

Bitter tears of disappointment came to Nan Luke's eyes. This was a blow she had not expected.

"What are we to do?" she asked, without hope.

Wu Sang smiled sympathetically. "I have a suggestion. No one else is yet aware of your return. If Captain Dallas goes to the authorities and reveals where he hid the boxes, technically he is the legal finder. I believe that twenty per cent is the amount of the reward paid for the finding of treasure hidden by the Japanese (Ed: During the 1940 occupation), the Communists, and others, prior to the establishment of the Viet Nam Republic."

Dallas turned to Nan Luke, a question in his eyes. She nodded silently. Ten per cent was much better than nothing at all.

They stood outside of Wu Sang's house on the Street of Perfume and Dallas hesitated before signalling a taxi.

"I've a place over in Saigon near the Airport. Not much to look at but—"

She was shaking her head gently and he stopped. That sort of life was not for her and he knew it. She had no intention of giving up the luxury and admiration she was accustomed to and he realized that, too. She had one fierce, dominant interest in life. Nan Luke.

"You'll know where to find me," she said, and he nodded.

It took months to untangle the technicalities before the reward was paid. The main point at issue was the exact date when the 1200 pounds of gold had been buried on the Mekong near Kratie, whether Vietnam had already become a republic at the time. Neither ex-Emperor Bao Dai nor Le Van Vien were available for testimony, and eventually a compromise was reached. Nan Luke and Sam Dallas each got a little more than $40,000.

Dallas went to Indonesia to fly a bomber for rebels. It paid $10,000 a month and it was a job that suddenly became vacant when Allen Pope, another flying soldier of fortune from Dade County, Florida, was captured by government forces in June, 1958.

Sam Dallas has no contract. He's flying on a month to month basis, banking his money and keeping his eye on a DC-4 in Rangoon which he hopes will be the start of another airline.

Nan Luke is still the No. 1 joy girl in the Grand Monde, keeping beautiful almond-shaped eyes open for the main chance. It may be a wealthy playboy or diplomat—someone who isn't in love with an airline all his own.

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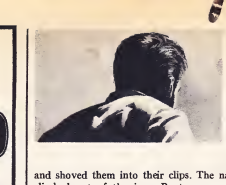
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Left-Hand Tommy

Continued from page 16

and shoved them into their clips. The native climbed out of the jeep. Bent over one of the dingoes, he began to slit its scalp. Harry opened the metal chest lashed to the back of the jeep. It was partially filled with alternate layers of dingo scalps and rock salt.

Harry climbed out of the jeep to help Tommy with the scalping. It was the one part of his work that he loathed; dingoes are crawling with vermin and they stink like decomposing flesh.

Harry was on his fourth dingo when he heard a weird gurgle. He looked up. Tommy was on his feet, surrounded by a new pack of dingoes. One of the wolflike monsters had clamped its fangs onto his throat. Tommy's hands were around its jaws, trying desperately to force them open. Another dingo was pulling on Tommy's knee-length twill shorts. Two more had their powerful jaws around his ankles. Except for Tommy's terrible gurgling there was no sound; the dingoes were as silent as wraiths.

The dingoes gripping Tommy's ankles leaped backward. This maneuver severed the man's heel tendons, and he fell to the ground. At once the dingoes leaped onto his belly, slashing it open. One of them released his hold on the native's throat and shoved his snout into Tommy's belly. The black man screamed—one long, horrible scream. Then he was dead.

Harry looked at the jeep, then back at the dingoes. He might, while those demons were busy with Tommy's body, be able to reach the jeep. It was a remote chance, but the only chance. He ran.

He was a dozen feet from safety when one of the dingoes looked up from its hideous meal. With incredible speed the cunning beast ran between Harry and the jeep, then began to slink slowly toward him on its belly. . . .

It had all begun in May, 1957. Harry was foreman of a cattle ranch then, near Cheyenne, Wyoming. He read in the *Denver Post* that dingoes were decimating Australia's sheep and cattle herds in Queensland to such an extent that hundreds of ranchers, unable to cope with the fierce, wolflike wild dogs, had abandoned their farms. To control the dingoes, the Queensland government was erecting a 3,500-mile dingo barrier fence—an amazing construction project. In addition, it had begun to pay bounty money for dingo scalps. Dingo hunters, the article stated, could make fortunes, for there were many thousands of the destructive beasts.

At any other time Harry would have regarded the *Post's* account of the Queensland dingo problem as no more than a news story—and one which certainly would not involve him. But a few weeks earlier his employer had sold the Wyoming ranch to a neighbor. The neighbor intended to merge this ranch with his. There would be layoffs. Harry was one of those whom the new owner would not need.

Still, Queensland's dingoes would have held no interest for Harry but for another circumstance. Harry was one of the many GIs who married Australian girls during WWII. In later years Harry wanted to take Madaline back to Australia to visit her parents, but he had never had the time for such a long trip.

But now his impending unemployment, the dingo bounty and his wife's desire to visit her family—plus the fact that he had about $3,000 in savings—gave him an idea: he'd take Madaline to Australia and they'd stay a year. She'd visit her folks and he'd hunt dingoes. He was no amateur with a rifle; he'd often hunted coyotes near the ranch and, he reasoned, he ought to be able to make enough bounty money to buy a little ranch of his own when he and Madaline returned to the States.

This idea appealed to Madaline and Harry wrote the Queensland Ministry of Agriculture inquiring if an American would be permitted to hunt dingoes. There was some red tape with the U. S. State Department and the Australian Commonwealth government, and it was nine months—January 11, 1958—before Harry and his wife arrived in Brisbane.

HARRY went to see the superintendent of the Rural Lands Protection Authority. This official, 50-year-old Bruce Cavanaugh, greeted him warmly. "First, you must understand what the doggies have been doin'," he said, "since it is not because the government has suddenly become charitable that we're payin' the hounty."

Dingoes, he explained, did more damage to Queensland's cattle and sheep industries than droughts, insects and all other calamities together.

"We've tried everything," Cavanaugh added. "Traps won't catch the doggies; the canny devils spring them with sticks and eat the bait. Poisoned hait has been a failure, too—the doggies won't touch it. Naturally, we tried cyanide bombs of the type used hy North American predator control agents, hut the abos [aborigines], the bumhlin' boohies, could not resist tamperin' with them and many a luckless abo—thinkin' to steal the little brass tube—has had the cyanide explode in his face.

"Then we conceived the idea of hirin' abos to slay the doggies, payin' them generously. The ahos despise the doggies—they dig up their dead and dismember them, so the abos look upon the heasts as defilers of the dead. But ahos are largely nomads and have no sense of property, and after they killed a few doggies they retired to enjoy their wealth. However, their partial success gave us the idea of employin' white doggers."

But a complication immediately arose, Cavanaugh explained; ahos could track down the most elusive of bush animals, fol-

(*Continued on page* 48)

This story actually happened. The man's name has been changed and this is not his photograph, but the facts are true.

"Your name is on the list"



Doug Mott was not surprised. The recession was on and the assembly line where he worked was almost at a standstill.

And then, strangely, the boss began to smile. "You know how the Engineering Department sends us blueprints and then we have to send them back for revision because they just aren't practical to produce?" Doug nodded . . . wondering. "That's waste . . . and we can't allow it to continue. That's why we thought that if we had a man who knew assembly and production — and drafting, too — he could act as liaison man between engineering and production. You know production, Doug . . . and you're studying drafting with I. C. S. You've got a *new* job. Congratulations!"

Doug Mott now heads a drafting room. But he will never forget the day his name was on the list to be laid off.

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(*Continued from page 46*)

lowing a trail where a white man's eyes saw nothing. They had been able to stalk dingoes—but the white hunters could not. So the Rural Lands Protection Authority was assigning a native employee to each white hunter. The abo to be assigned to Harry was named Left-Hand Tommy. He was 27 years old, and educated in a government school.

Harry and Tommy would be flown into the Gregory North district in northwestern Queensland, to the cattle station operated by Chester Willoughby. Willoughby had requested a hunter because the dingoes were killing off his herds. "Get rid of the doggies, Yank," Cavanaugh said with a friendly grin, "but be wary. If you're hitten by one of them you're a dead man unless you get treated before the poison does you in."

He explained that some virus in the saliva of dingoes, transmitted by bite to a man, almost always causes convulsions followed by delirium and death.

THE next morning Harry and Left-Hand Tommy hoarded one of the government planes. Harry liked his tracker immediately. The always-grinning little aborigine was no Outhack primitive; he spoke English fairly well and he was intelligent.

The plane landed near Willoughby's cattle station, then immediately took off again. Willoughby, a tall, leather-faced, middle-aged Englishman greeted Harry and Tommy warmly. Then he said, "Laddies, come up on the veranda and, while we sip a bit of plonk [whiskey], I'll tell you my troubles."

After a servant poured the drinks, Willoughby explained that his station was one of the largest in Australia. It was almost a self-contained settlement. The bookkeeper doubled as doctor. The wife of the foreman was a schoolteacher for the station's white children. There was a veterinarian, 11 white stockmen and their families, and three mechanics who also worked as herdsmen. The mechanics drove the road trains—four-wheel-drive trucks, each of which towed two gigantic trailers—when the market cattle were taken to the nearest railhead.

The grass on his station grew green and profuse, Willoughby said, and the Templeton and Mingera Rivers furnished a steady supply of water. It was an ideal location for cattle ranching—except for the dingoes. "They are ruining me," Willoughby added unhappily.

As he was talking, he suddenly leaped to his feet and stared toward a distant herd of grazing cattle. Harry and Tommy looked, too. They saw a pack of little animals darting toward the herd. "The bloody dingoes again!" Willoughby shouted.

He jerked a rifle from the wall and ran off the veranda, followed by Tommy and Harry. They mounted their horses and raced for the herd. But they arrived too late. In the five minutes it took them to reach the cattle, the dingoes had killed several steers, gutted them, eaten their livers—and fled.

The following morning Harry and Tommy began to hunt dingoes. They walked toward a grazing herd, and Tommy climbed a big eucalyptus, and looked around. In a few moments he dropped to the ground. He had seen a movement in the Flinders grass, he said. It had to be dingoes.

The two hunters crawled on their hands and knees through a spinifex thicket toward the herd which was grazing in an adjoining field. When they came to the edge of the thicket Tommy slid the safety off his Enfield. So did Harry.

In a few seconds a small, tawny-furred, wolf-faced animal crept on its belly out of the Flinders grass onto the field. A moment later, another; then a dozen more. Slithering like snakes, they crawled up to the unsuspecting herd. Tommy whispered, "Kill!" Then he shot a dingo in the head. As quickly as he could work the bolt on his Enfield, he shot others. Harry fired, too, and after their magazines were empty they swiftly reloaded and began to fire again. In a few minutes all dingoes were dead.

Those who survived the first volley made no attempt to flee, but hung around the cattle. Harry was amazed. "They not afraid of guns," Tommy explained. "This bad, because maybe seven dingoes fast attack a man with six cartridges in his gun. He same as dead. Last dingo, he bite man before he can reload."

This was the way Harry and Tommy hunted and killed dingoes. Tommy would climb a tree and scan the countryside until he saw a pack of dingoes. Then the two would either stalk them or lie in ambush for the pack to attack a herd. They averaged 10 to 20 dingoes a day. The money for the pelts would be Harry's. Tommy was employed at a monthly wage. He was not envious of the money that Harry was making; abos put little value on money. Fat wives, many children, plenty of food—these are the things they care about.

Every few weeks or so Harry would board the mail plane near Willoughby's station and fly to Cloncurry. He cashed in his pelts with the Local Authority agent and bought a plane ticket to Brisbane. He would spend several days with his wife and then fly back to Willoughby's. During his absences Tommy always took a walkabout—sleeping with various lubras in the nearest village.

This went on for four months. Then, suddenly, the dingoes disappeared from Willoughby's station. Harry bought two of the cattleman's saddle horses and a pack horse, and he and Tommy rode southeast, toward the Kynuna region.

There were, Harry discovered, many things he detested about this part of Australia. The ticks and blowflies were plaguing him. The days were hot and windy and the nights, when the temperature dropped to 30 degrees, were bitterly cold. And always Harry had to watch out for funnel-web spiders. The bite of these two-inch-long pests would kill a man within ten hours.

BUT the dingo hunting was good and the scalps in the little wooden chest on the pack horse accumulated swiftly. Harry was making $30 to $60 a day, and so be endured the bardships without complaint, dreaming of the Wyoming cattle ranch he hoped to buy with his earnings.

One day they saw a white man and an abo in a jeep. The white man drove toward them. "You're a hit conky, Yank, to hunt the doggies afoot," he said after a friendly handshake. "'Tis a much easier go in a vehicle."

He showed Harry a chest filled with scalps. "The doggies go loopy when they see a vehicle," he explained. "They lope along, not even runnin' away, while the abo and I shoot them down one hy one."

Soon afterwards Harry bought a jeep from a station owner at Chatsworth. Immediately he increased his kills to more than 60 dog scalps a day.

Months passed and Harry was in high

(*Continued on page 50*)

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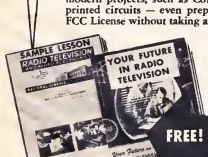
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(*Continued from page 48*)

spirits. He missed his wife, but he was making big money, he'd soon buy that ranch in the States, and he liked the life of adventure. Until he saw his tracker brutally killed. . . .

Harry stared at the dingo which had run between him and the jeep. He was trembling with terror. He glanced at the other dingoes. They still had their snouts in Tommy's belly. But in a moment they would be finished with their horrid feast. Then they would attack Harry.

Harry looked back at the dingo which had cut off his escape. He began to reason with himself. "If I can cripple this mad dog," he muttered, "I might be able to run to the jeep and get it underway before the others could reach me. . . . I've got nothing to lose by trying."

He took a step forward. Instantly the dingo leaped for his groin. Harry jabbed his scalping knife into one of its eyes. The dingo grunted and fell back; then it went for Harry's throat. He jerked his head aside. The dingo's fangs clamped onto his cheek. For a terrifying moment its legs pushed against his body as it tried to tear the flesh from his face. Harry stabbed it in the belly with his knife—again and again. The dingo fell to the ground. It was dead.

Harry ran to the jeep, jumped in, started the engine and floor-boarded the accelerator. In a few seconds he was out of the Mitchell patch. He felt his cheek. It was slashed from an inch below his left eye down to the jawbone. He stopped the car and tied a handkerchief around his head, in an attempt to slow the bleeding.

Then Harry drove to Slashes Creek. He drove fast, sometimes skidding around gibber stone piles and eucalyptus thickets and weaving through ant towers. He knew that the agent at Slashes Creek had a two-seater plane. He could fly Harry to Cloncurry, where there was a little hospital.

He drove into Slashes Creek at P.M. By then his face was swollen so badly that his eyes were tiny slits. He had a fever and his body trembled uncontrollably. Immediately the agent flew him to Cloncurry.

FOR three weeks Harry lay delirious. Then, suddenly, he was over it. But he was so weak that he could not walk unbosom a cane. It was two more weeks before he was discharged from the hospital. Then Harry and Madaline—who had flown to Cloncurry after she received word of Harry's injury—flew to Brisbane.

After another week's convalescence, Harry went to the office of the Rural Lands Protection Authority. "I've had it," he told Superintendent Cavanaugh. "I'm going back to the States."

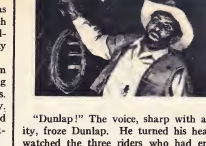
Cavanaugh urged him to resume hunting. "A man develops an immunity if he survives a bite," he said. "You can make a nice bit of money and at the same time you'll be helpin' the cause."

"Did you ever see a pack of dingoes attack a man?" Harry said. "A guy you thought a lot of . . . rip out his guts and eat his liver and hear the guy scream before he died?"

Cavanaugh shook his head.

"Well, mister, I have," Harry said.

Ten days later he and Madaline were in Wyoming, USA. END



"Dunlap!" The voice, sharp with authority, froze Dunlap. He turned his head and watched the three riders who had emerged from a grove of junipers. Slowly, Dunlap's arm fell, the quirt limp in his grasp. The bay's hide twitched nervously but the animal did not move. Harrison began to breathe again.

"Just what is the meaning of this, Dunlap?" The man was tall and spare and white-haired. He had the air of the one accustomed to commanding though he wore no star or badge. He was dressed no differently than the others. His clothing was cowman's clothing.

"We were just trying to scare him into talking, Cameron," Dunlap said, a trace of sullenness about him now. "We weren't really going to hang him."

"It certainly didn't look like that to me," Cameron snapped. He beckoned one of his men. "Cut him loose."

Dunlap's face darkened with anger. "How do you know he's not one of the Kid's gang?" he shouted.

"How do you know he is?" Cameron said coldly. "Don't we have enough lawlessness in New Mexico without resorting to indiscriminate lynching? You're not the only cattleman who's lost to the rustlers. Do you think that by hanging every stranger who comes along you'll stop thieving?"

Dunlap growled something unintelligible. He whirled his horse and with an irate jerk of his head summoned his men. They rode off in a cloud of dust. . . .

They sat in the gallery of Cameron's ranch house and watched the sun go down, Harrison with a sense of awe and wonder for it was a sight which, scant hours before, he had thought never to witness again. Cameron knocked the dottle from his pipe. He cleared his throat.

"Mind, Harrison," Cameron said, "I don't mean to pry. I just want to point out to you what you're up against. Billy the Kid is the most murderous, lawless scoundrel alive. He is the shame of New Mexico. You must have heard it said that there is no law west of the Pecos. That's not exaggeration. Anarchy, that's what we have in this Territory. Look what almost happened to you."

Without thinking, Harrison reached up and touched his neck. It still felt raw and sore, even though he knew this was mostly imagination. Harrison did not speak. He waited for Cameron to continue.

"Matt Dunlap is all right," Cameron went on after a while. "He's lost heavily to cattle thieves and it's got him mad because he can't do anything to stop it. You weren't giving him any satisfactory answers and he assumed you were another hardcase rustler coming to join the Kid's gang. So he was all set to hang you." He paused and glanced querysingly at Harrison but Harrison made no comment. Cameron sighed softly. "You are after your stolen cattle, aren't you?"

(*Continued on page 52*)

A Gun Came Out of the Panhandle

Continued from page 24

Harrison nodded, hoping the lie would not show on his features. The truth had to keep company with the hate in his heart.

"I want to point out how risky it is," Cameron continued. "Every man is suspicious of everyone else, including his neighbors and friends. That is the poison spread by lawlessness. A friend of the Kid dares not mention the fact for fear of vengeance. An enemy of the Kid remains silent for fear of retaliation. Go back to your ranch on the Canadian, Harrison. That is the best advice I ever gave to any man."

Harrison said nothing. He stared out over the darkening range. Cameron sensed the stubbornness and willfulness in this strange, solemn man.

"The Canadian River Cattlemen's Association has sent John W. Poe down here to co-operate with the authorities in capturing Billy the Kid and recovering the cattle the Kid has rustled in the Panhandle. I know John Poe. He's a good man. You'll get your cattle back, Harrison. Why risk losing your life? Go back to the Canadian, Harrison."

Harrison rose to his feet and stood there, tall and grave. "I think I'll turn in," he said. "Good night, Cameron. . . ."

A BIT of conversation overheard in the din of a crowded saloon in Las Vegas sent John Harrison riding south again. Below Santa Rosa he stopped at a branch of the Pecos River to rest and water the bay. A sound brought him swiftly around, right hand whipping out the long-barrelled .44 Remington in the holster at his hip. Then the sun glanced off the badges on the three men's shirts and Harrison relaxed. He slid the Remington back in its holster while he watched the three riding up.

The long, lean man with the piercing eyes gave Harrison a quiet, appraising look. The badge on this man's chest was a sheriff's star.

"Kind of jumpy, aren't you, partner?" the sheriff said.

Harrison shrugged. "This is jumpy country."

"You must have had experience then."

Harrison said nothing. He watched while the three men drank and then filled canteens. Their clothes were white with dust, their horses looked weary. They must have come a long way.

The long, lean man held out his hand. "I'm Pat Garrett."

Harrison shook hands.

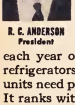
"That's Tom McKinney, a deputy of mine," Garrett went on, "and that's John Poe."

Harrison nodded at McKinney and Poe, receiving nods in return. Garrett was watching Harrison.

"As you've probably guessed, partner," Garrett said, "we're on the hunt for Billy the Kid. One false lead after another." He

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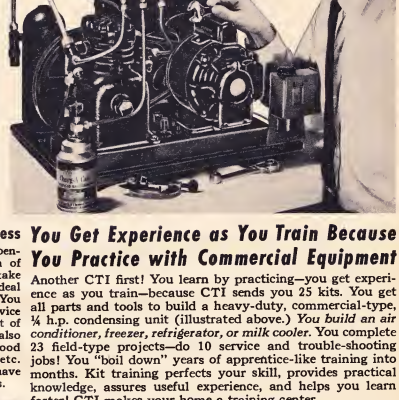
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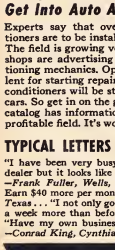


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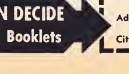




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(*Continued from page 50*)

made a sound of disgust. "You come across any riders on your way here?"

"None south of Santa Rosa."

Garrett uttered a short, humorless laugh. "I wouldn't expect you to admit it if you did." He held up a hand as Harrison bristled. "No offense meant, partner. Being a stranger and all, I don't blame you for not wanting to become involved in the rotten mess we've got here in New Mexico Territory." Garrett's eyes probed at Harrison. "I didn't quite catch your name."

"Harrison. John Harrison."

"With a ranch on the Canadian? JH Connected-" It wasn't Garret who asked this. It was John Poe. He had been studying the brand on the bay.

HARRISON looked at Poe. "I don't recall ever seeing you before."

"You haven't. But you belong to the Canadian River Cattlemen's Association, don't you?"

Harrison nodded.

"I know the name of every member and his brand," Poe said. "I'm really working for the Association. They want the Kid and his gang busted up for good."

"You in New Mexico for any particular reason?" Garrett asked.

"I'm trying to recover stock that was stolen from me."

Garrett and Poe looked at each other and there was a little silence. Finally Poe spoke. "Don't you tbink I'm up to getting your cattle back?"

"I didn't mean it that way, Poe."

Both Poe and Garrett were staring hard at Harrison. McKinney squatted on his heels, content to let his two companions do the talking. "You're not interested in cattle," Poe said quietly. "There's a look about you. I've seen it in other men—the look of a hunter." Garrett nodded silent agreement.

"Who's the man you're after?" Garrett asked when Harrison made no comment. "Maybe we can help you."

Harrison knew he had to say something. Cameron's warning echoed in Harrison's mind. This was a land of suspicion and distrust. Harrison remembered having heard that Billy the Kid and Pat Garrett had been friends before Garrett pinned on the sheriff's star. Harrison found himself wondering how far he could trust the man—and Poe—and McKinney.

"Ever hear of a Morgan Witt?" Harrison asked.

Garrett pondered a while and then looked at McKinney who shook his head. Poe made a face that said he'd never heard the name. Garrett peered at Harrison.

"Witt a rustler?" Garrett asked.

"No."

"How did he wrong you then?"

Harrison stared out over the bleak and lonely land. Pain wrenched his heart a moment, then was willed away. "It's not easy for me to talk about. It's something a man doesn't like to mention except in confidence."

"You have our word." Garrett's voice was strangely gentle.

"This man—this Morgan Witt—came to my ranch while I was away, to St. Louis, with a shipment of steers. He—bad his way with my wife. Out of shame and remorse she poisoned herself. You can see why I don't like discussing the matter."

The three lawmen looked at each other in embarrassed, compassionate silence. The bay nuzzled Garrett's dun. In a cottonwood a thrush sang. Poe cleared his throat.

"This Witt—can you describe him, Harrison?"

"Tall. About six-foot-two. Maybe a hundred and eighty pounds. Dark hair, dark complexion."

"Description just about fits you," Garrett commented.

"Fits a lot of men," Harrison said. "I figure it will take a heap of looking."

"He's probably using another name," Poe mused, rubbing his chin. "We'll keep a lookout for him though. Sounds like a mean one to me."

"Meanest there is," Harrison said, in a way that made all three lawmen look at him anew.

McKinney rose to his feet and stretched. "Don't you think we'd better ride on, Pat? Horses look rested."

Garrett nodded. The three swung up into their saddles. Garrett stared down at Harrison. "Sorry, partner," the sheriff said. "You can depend on us to keep our mouths shut. Your wife's name will receive no harm from us."

They rode off. Harrison watched until they topped a rise and were gone from sight. Then he mounted the bay and turned the horse's head south. . .

In those days the town of White Oaks had about a thousand inhabitants, mostly miners who worked in the surrounding mountains. Harrison decided to stable the bay that night. Corn sold for five cents a pound, hay for two cents. Harrison paid for a night's lodging for the bay and then began a tour of the eight saloons.

He sensed the tension, the air of expectant waiting in the town. He caught bits of hushed conversations, speculating on how long Billy the Kid would last. He was supposed to be in hiding, not daring to venture about, holing up somewhere around Portales.

Harrison made his inquiries about Morgan Witt. Some looked at him blankly, others suspiciously, a few hostilely. No one, however, admitted knowing or having heard of Morgan Witt or of a man answering his description. Harrison slept that night in a large log house at the west end of town.

In the morning he got the bay and rode out of White Oaks at sunrise and slightly north. After a while, it dawned on Harrison that a rider was following him. Harrison's heart quickened. Had his queries about Morgan Witt stirred up interest in him? Could he begin to anticipate an ending to the long, seemingly hopeless trail he had been pursuing?

The man on Harrison's trail, however, made no attempt to catcb up. Perhaps he was just someone who happened to be traveling in the same direction. Harrison remembered Pat Garrett's words: "Kind of jumpy, aren't you, partner?" A thin, mirthless grin touched Harrison's lips a moment, anew.

TOWARD sundown be came to a shallow creek which he forded. On the other side he decided to camp for the night. He unsaddled the bay and staked it out. Tben he built a fire and cooked himself a meager meal of fatback and beans. He arranged his bedroll and stetson to resemble a sleeping man. Then Harrison walked out beyond the edge of the firelight and waited.

The rider approached quite openly, apparently without hostile intent. His horse splashed through the creek and onto the opposite shore. The rider was staring down at Harrison's bedroll when Harrison stepped into view, the .44 Remington in his hand.

The rider was a big man with red hair and a red beard. He started at Harrison's appearance and spread his hands away from his body to show he had no violent intent.

"I come peaceable," the redhead said. "I mean no harm, mister."

The gun stayed in Harrison's hand. "What do you want?"

"I spotted your fire and thought I'd camp with you. Company, you know. Mind if I step down, mister?"

Without waiting for Harrison's answer, the redhead dismounted. He stretched,

(*Continued on page 54*)



"Why don't you sign up to be the first slob on the moon?"



I'd like to give this to my fellow men...

while I am still able to help!

I was young once, as you may be—today I am older. Not too old to enjoy the fruits of my work, but older in the sense of being wiser. And once I was poor, desperately poor. Today almost any man can stretch his income to make ends meet. Today, there are few who hunger for bread and shelter. But in my youth I knew the pinch of poverty; the emptiness of hunger; the cold stare of the creditor who would not take excuses for money. Today, all that is past. And behind my city house, my summer home, my Cadillacs, my Winter-long vacations and my sense of independence—behind all the wealth of cash and deep inner satisfaction that I enjoy—there is one simple secret. It is this secret that I would like to impart to you. If you are satisfied with a humdrum life of service to another master, turn this page now—read no more. If you are interested in a fuller life, free from bosses, free from worries, free from fears, read further. This message may be meant for you.

By Victor B. Mason

I am printing my message in a magazine. It may come to the attention of thousands of eyes. But of all those thousands, only a few will have the vision to understand. Many may read; but of a thousand only you may have the intuition, the sensitivity, to understand that what I am writing may be intended for you—may be the tide that shapes your destiny, which, taken at the crest, carries you to levels of independence beyond the dreams of avarice.

Don't misunderstand me. There is no mysticism in this. I am not speaking of occult things; of innumerable laws of nature that will sweep you to success without effort on your part. That sort of talk is *rubbish!* And anyone who tries to tell you that you can *think* your way to riches without effort is a false friend. I am too much of a realist for that. And I hope you are.

I hope you are the kind of man—if you have read this far—who knows that anything worthwhile has to be *earned!* I hope you have learned that there is no reward without effort. If you have learned this, then you may be ready to take the next step in the development of your karma—you may be ready to learn and use the secret I have to impart.

I Have All The Money I Need

In my own life I have gone beyond the need of money. I have it. I have gone beyond the need of gain. I have two businesses that pay me an income well above any amount I have need for. And, in addition, I have the satisfaction—the deep satisfaction—of knowing that I have put more than three hundred other men in businesses of their own. Since I have no need for money, the greatest satisfaction I get from life, is sharing my secret of personal independence with others—seeing them achieve the same heights of happiness that have come into my own life.

Please don't misunderstand this statement. I am not a philanthropist. I believe that charity is something that no proud man will accept. I have never seen a man who was worth his salt who would accept something for nothing. I have never met a highly successful man whom the world respected who did not sacrifice something to gain his position. And, unless you are willing to make at least half the effort, I'm not interested in giving you a "leg up" to the achievement of your goal. Frankly, I'm going to charge you something for the secret I give you. Not a lot—but enough to make me believe that you are a little above the fellows who merely "wish" for success and are not willing to sacrifice something to get it.

A Fascinating and Peculiar Business

I have a business that is peculiar—one of my businesses. The usual thing about it is that it is needed in every little community throughout this country. But it is a business that will never be invaded by the "big fellows". It has to be handled on a local basis. No giant octopus can ever gobble up the whole thing. No big combine is ever going to destroy it. It is essentially a "one man" business that can be operated without outside help. It is a business that is good summer and winter. It is a business that is growing each year. And, it is a business that can be started on an investment so small that it is within the reach of anyone who has a television set. But it has nothing to do with television.

This business has another peculiarity. It can be started at home in spare time. No risk to present job. No risk to present income. And no need to let anyone else know you are "on your own". It can be run as a spare time business for extra money. Or, as it grows to the point where it is paying more than your present salary, it can be expanded into a full time business—overnight. It can give you a sense of personal independence that will free you forever from the fear of lay-off, loss of job, depressions, or economic reverses.

Are You Mechanically Inclined?

While the operation of this business is partly automatic, it won't run itself. If you are to use it as a stepping stone to independence, you must be able to work with your hands, use such tools as hammer and screw driver, and enjoy getting into a pair of blue jeans and rolling up your sleeves. But two hours a day of manual work will keep your "factory" running 24 hours turning out a product that has a steady and ready sale in every community. A half dollar spent for raw materials can bring you six dollars in cash—six times a day.

In this message I'm not going to try to tell you the entire story. There is not enough space on this page. And, I am not going to ask you to spend a penny now to learn the secret. I'll send you all the information, free. If you are interested in becoming independent, in becoming your own boss, in knowing the sweet fruits of success as I know them, send me your name. That's all. Just your name. I won't ask you for a penny. I'll send you all the information about one of the most fascinating businesses you can imagine. With these facts, you will make your own investigation. You will check up on conditions in your neighborhood. You will weigh and analyze the whole proposition. Then, and then only, if you decide to take the next step, I'll allow you to invest $15.00. And even then, if you decide that your fifteen dollars has been badly invested I'll return it to you. Don't hesitate to send your name. I have no salesmen. I will merely write you a long letter and send you complete facts about the business I have found to be so successful. After that, you make the decisions.

Does Happiness Hang on Your Decision?

Don't put this off. It may be a coincidence that you are reading these words right now. Or, it may be a matter that is more deeply connected with your destiny than either of us can say. There is only one thing certain: If you have read this far you are interested in the kind of independence I enjoy. And if that is true, then you must take the next step. No coupon on this advertisement. If you don't think enough of your future happiness and prosperity to write your name on a postcard and mail it to me, forget the whole thing. But if you think there is a destiny that shapes men's lives, send your name now. What I send you may convince you of the truth of this proverb. And what I send you will not cost a penny, now or at any other time.

VICTOR B. MASON
1512 Jarvis Ave., Suite M-19-C
CHICAGO 26, ILLINOIS

(*Continued from page 52*)

groaning with weariness, and then scratched his rump. He looked at the Remington in Harrison's hand and grinned uncomfortably.

"You can put that away, mister. I ain't gonna cause no trouble."

Harrison holstered the Remington but his glance never drifted from the redhead. "Why have you been following me?"

"Following you?" The man blinked as if he did not quite understand.

"You followed me all the way from White Oaks. Why?"

The redhead pushed his hat back and scratched his head. He grinned sheepishly. "You're right. I did follow you. I got something to tell you. About Morgan Witt."

HARRISON felt his scalp tingle. His heart gave two loud thumps, then quieted. He waited for the other to continue.

"I heard you asking about Witt in White Oaks," the redhead went on, "but I didn't want to talk to you there. Witt might have friends there and I'm a peaceable man. I don't want to get mixed up in no trouble. I wanted to talk to you alone."

"Well? We're alone now."

"I saw Witt south of Tularosa, heading for the Organ Mountains. Had a little talk with him. Said he was just drifting, on to Las Cruces and then south to the Border. That's it, mister."

Harrison was silent, thinking. A knot exploded in the fire with a sound like a gunshot. The bay whinnied softly and the redhead's horse answered.

"You followed me all day to tell me this?"

"Like I said, I didn't know if Witt had friends in White Oaks. I didn't want to be seen talking to you. I don't aim to get mixed up in no trouble."

"Why go to all this bother? I don't know you."

"Maybe Witt done me a bad turn and I want to get even," the redhead growled. "Ain't you even gonna thank me?"

"How do I know you're telling the truth?"

"Huh?" The redhead stared at Harrison, mouth open in puzzlement.

"Maybe Witt didn't ride south. Maybe he went east, the direction I've been heading in all day. Maybe you're just trying to get me to take the wrong fork in the trail."

The redhead bristled. "You calling me a liar?"

"You should know whether you are or aren't."

"You're lucky I'm a peaceable man," the redhead growled. "You're lucky I'm just gonna get on my horse and ride away."

The redhead turned as if to mount, then whirled suddenly, a sixshooter in his hand. Harrison, however, had been on guard. The Remington was in his fist, the weapon bucked and roared and the redhead sprawled on the ground, lifeless. . .

He did not hear anything more about Morgan Witt though he asked the question all the way east to Portales. The talk was all of Billy the Kid, of the net that Garrett, Poe and McKinney were drawing tighter about him. But the Kid had been in tough spots before and had always managed to wiggle out of them. Look at the time he was a prisoner in Lincoln, waiting to be hanged. Didn't he kill Bell and Bob Ollinger and escape? He'll do it again. Morgan Witt? Never heard of him. What'd he do anyway?

The stories about the Kid were growing uglier. Perhaps the conviction that the outlaw's days were numbered made some men bold. The Kid had a way with women, especially Mexican girls, Harrison learned. He was supposed to have a Mexican sweetheart in Fort Sumner. Harrison was going to ask if the Kid had added any new members to his gang but decided against it. He rode out of Portales and headed west. . . .

She reminded him of Raquel, though she said her name was Paquita. She had the same olive skin, the oval face, the ripe, red lips. She stirred a long dormant hunger and need in him.

The night was soft and warm. Flickers of lightning played in the west. The sounds of Fort Sumner were muted and gentle in the dark. Someone drove a horse at a hard run down the main drag but the noise of the drumming hoofs seemed aloof and distant. These were the dying hours of July 14, 1881.

"I must go," she whispered. "I must finish cleaning the rest of the Señor Maxwell's house."

"That can wait until tomorrow," he said, drawing her close to him. She struggled, but only half-heartedly. There was compliance in each of her objections. "The night is not a time for working."

"But I was lazy today. I did not accomplish much. The Señor Maxwell will be angry."

"A curse on the Señor Maxwell." He sought to kiss her mouth but she averted her face, only slightly, however, so that his mouth touched the corner of her lips. "I want you to do something for me."

"I have a sweetheart. He is very jealous."

"I have no fear of jealous sweethearts."

"He is a very strong man."

"Perhaps, I, too, am a dangerous man." She dropped her head back and stared up at him in the darkness. Then she laughed softly, coyly. "You are too nice to be a dangerous man. I do not fear you."

"I do not want you to fear me. I want you to do something for me. Un favor? A favor?"

She studied him with curiosity. "You speak Spanish very well for an Anglo."

"I had a Mexican wife. Her name was Raquel."

"Was?"

"She is dead. But that is of no matter now. I have found you. Paquita. Un favor?"

"Pobrecito," she whispered, and kissed him. Her fingers traced the contours of his cheeks. "You are all alone?"

"All alone. El favor? Ahora?"

"Yes, yes, oh, yes . . ."

He waited in the darkness of the room. The seconds passed with interminable slowness. He seemed suspended in eternity where there was no beginning and no end. There was nothing to do but wait—and pray that she had not betrayed him.

Because of the warm night the door was open. Now and then he saw shadowy figures pass by outside, afoot and on horseback. A freighter rolled by once, squeaking axles crying for grease. He heard the grunt of a laboring horse, a curse from the teamster. Then the wagon had passed from hearing and he went on waiting.

Time moved on laggard, dragging feet. He sat on the edge of the bed with the .44 Remington in his lap. The sounds of Fort Sumner decreased and diminished. He wanted to look at his watch but that would entail striking a match and he did not want to risk a light. He reckoned it was getting on to midnight. Fort Sumner was all but asleep. A lone coyote cried. Then there was silence. He waited.

What was that?

He had started to doze and something snapped him abruptly awake. His fingers closed tight about the handle of the Remington. He sat there, all on edge, straining to listen. The sound came again.

It was soft and whispering, so phantasmal as to defy reality, but he knew it was real because he had been waiting for something like it. The sound was of a cautious footstep in stockinged feet. A board creaked now and he saw the doorway fill with a slight shadow as someone entered.

The bed squeaked under him. The intruder heard and pulled up with a slight gasp. Then the whisper came. "Paquita?"

He did not dare answer; his voice would give him away.

The query came again, sharper, louder. "Paquita? Está tu? Is it you?"

The Remington rose, leveled in his hand. The voice said, low and deadly now, "Quién es? Quién es? Who is it? Quién es en esta cámara? Who is in this room?"

During the long hours of waiting his eyes had grown accustomed to the darkness. He could make out the man standing there, slim and slight, pistol in hand. "Quién es?" the voice snapped once more and something in the tone said the talking was done.

The Remington blasted. There was an answer from the pistol but its slug slammed harmlessly into a wall. The intruder dropped to the floor with a thud. He gurgled a few times and then was silent. . .

Harrison said, "I know why I want my name kept out of it. Not so much for myself but for my Raquel's memory. I don't want it tarnished. I don't care who you say killed the Kid just so you don't credit me with it."

GARRETT and Joe looked at each other and nodded agreement. "We'll think something up," Poe said. "No one will ever know John Harrison killed Billy Bonney. After all, you told it over half of New Mexico you were hunting a Morgan Witt. Was that a name the Kid used?"

"Morgan Witt was in the Army with me. He died at Vicksburg. I realized I couldn't come out and say I was after the Kid. Either he or his friends would ambush me. One of them tried after he couldn't throw me off the Kid's trail. You'll find him dead a day's ride east of White Oaks. That's the reason I used Witt's name." Harrison smiled, a sad, tired smile. "Everything turned out all right. I'm sorry I had to use Paquita to lure him here to Maxwell's house. But she's young. There will be other sweethearts for her."

He shook hands with Poe, then with Pat Garrett. "You just barely beat me to the Kid," Garrett said. "We were tipped off he was in Fort Sumner which is why we rode here. A few more minutes and I might have been in that room waiting for the Kid instead of you."

"Why don't you tell it that way?" Harrison said.

"Maybe I will."

Harrison turned and walked away. The night swallowed him—and history. . . . END

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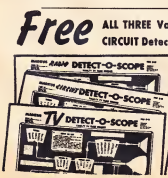
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Crash That Grounded the Airlines

Continued from page 19

That first evening's detective work (confirmed by later more detailed study) pointed to a blaze, originating in the plane's belly near the air conditioning unit, that had continued to burn along the right wall of the fuselage where the wing joins the body. There the DC-6 carried a barium nitrate landing flare whose volcanic combustion had scorched the area around it fiercely. The smudged area suggested one point of the fire's origin, although the examiners thought it more probable that the barium flare had been ignited by a blaze that was already well under way. They believed it was the white flame of the burning flare on the outside of the craft that had attracted the attention of witnesses on the ground.

There seemed to be no doubt that the worst of the fire had raged in the cabin heater unit and its fuel system, and that it was so great that it must have been fed by a large amount of in-flowing fuel. Since the quantity of gasoline required to keep a fire going at the rate this one had burned was far beyond the amount that would normally be in the heater unit system itself, the question of where the in-flowing gas had come from rose at once, and tbere simply seemed to be no answer to it. Scrutiny was directed to every feature of the DC-6's operational systems, since something in one of them must have been at fault to have allowed leaking gas to enter the holler room.

As soon as the on-the-ground inspection at the accident site was completed, the CAB investigation was moved to the Douglas factory at Santa Monica, California, and the broken and burned parts of the plane were transferred there and reconstructed for study. Using chicken wire molded over a wooden mock-up of the fuselage—a scheme also followed in the investigation of the Denver sabotage crash—the examiners did wbat was probably the most complete reconstruction job of an accident-shattered ship that had ever been attempted.

THE specialists regarded the cabin heater and its component parts as the seat of the trouble and, taking the components piece by. piece, they ordered a large list of modifications in this area that would benefit the heater unit's proper operation.

While these modifications were being completed, inquiries were undertaken into other possible danger points. Since the installation of landing flares near the trailing edge of the right wing fillet now appeared to be a possible secondary danger factor, DC-6 operators were told, for the time being, to remove all flares from craft then in use.

Because of the chance of inflammable objects being taken aboard, the baggage and cargo compartments of planes are always closely watched, and while there was no very clear evidence that the Bryce Canyon plane had carried any even remotely dubious express packages on that flight, tests were made to determine whether the deliberate or accidental setting off of photo flash bulbs in the hold could have started the fire. These tests confirmed earlier ones proving that flash bulb explosions would *not* ignite even the most inflammable material.

Remembering the Constellation fire at Reading, Pennsylvania in 1946, the investigators looked into the baggage holds of the DC-6 for signs of hydraulic line seepage. While this fluid, when absorbed by the insulation, would not ignite easily, it might add to the uncontrollability of a conflagration started in other materials. The linings examined were found to have been saturated. On November 5 orders went out to all DC-6 operators to remove all linings in those parts which had been exposed to hydraulic leakage to any degree whatever.

The CAB, the manufacturers, ...d airlines people had been working on the Bryce Canyon riddle eighteen days when fire broke out in another DC-6 in flight, and the crew was able to land it in comparative safety only because of two extremely important factors. One was, of course, the crew's swift, collected and expert action. But even that might not have been possible if the magnesium landing flares had not been removed, as they were from all such craft, on order of the CAB, which prevented the intense fire that would have raged upward out of control as it had on the Bryce Canyon plane.

The second fire, except for its outcome, all too plainly duplicated the one which had ended in Bryce Canyon. All DC-6's, first at the order of the airlines and almost simultaneously of the Douglas Company, were grounded. The two accidents faced the CAB and all DC-6 operators with a dilemma which had to be solved before the craft could bc flown again; and as the second fire also pointed to a boiler-room conflagration fed from some undetected source, the whole investigating group prepared to turn their by now bitterly roused suspicions on finding where the fuel which had permitted such fires to start had come from.

The take-off and first hours of the second plane's scheduled flight had for some time apparently been perfectly normal. The ship, an American Airlines DC-6, had left San Francisco at a little after 10:00 A.M. on November 11. It was headed for Chicago by way of Tulsa.

During the long, high stretch over the Rockies, the liner's cabin heater was turned on. Trouble began, although it was not then suspected, at about 11:50 A.M., an hour and a half after take-off, when the pilot, Captain E. W. Chatfield, went through a procedure, followed by most crews, of leveling the contents of the various tanks by transferring fuel from one to another and switching the selector valves so that each engine was drawing from an alternate tank.

During the ensuing bearings on the second fire the two pilots testified that immediately after the fuel transfer was completed all valves were turned off and the booster pumps used to shift the gas were switched off.

Evidence in the hearings brought out that shortly after Captain Chatfield completed the transfer at 11:57 the temperature in the ship's cabin began to rise. The stewardess tried to regulate the heat by adjusting the cabin temperature control, and when this had no effect she notified the captain. He turned the heater off. When, inexplicably, the cabin heat continued to mount, the co-pilot, believing the automatic control had gone out of order, switched to "manual control" of the heater system. The cabin thereupon cooled so rapidly that the stewardess asked for more heat, and shortly after one o'clock the pilot again turned the heater on.

The heater temperature gauge began at once to register an ahnormally rapid rise, and it was quickly evident that something was wrong, for the gauge continued to rise precipitously even after the heater was once more disengaged.

JUST as it registered over 300 degrees plus, a cockpit-panel warning light connected to the air-conditioning unit flashed on, indicating fire in the "boiler room," and the captain, now realizing that he had real trouble to deal with, pressed the button releasing a hank of fire extinguishers into the heater compartment.

Before the extinguishers could do tbeir work, a smoke detector signal for the haggage hold came on.

And as the carbon dioxide extinguisher began to flow into the cargo compartment where the signal recorded smoke, the stewardess noticed an acrid odor and saw the smoke seeping into the cabin.

Before the first fire signal showed—when trouble with the heater first began to cause uneasiness—the co-pilot had noticed that the ship was passing Gallup and, attempting to reach the field there, the pilot began a swift turning descent. While he was still circling down, the smoke detector for the forward baggage compartment lighted up and extinguishers were shot into that area. He was now fighting to get the ship down. Smoke had begun to pour into the cockpit, and it covered the windshield and instrument panel with such blinding density that he was barely able to complete his landing. The co-pilot, leaning out of the right window, talked him down, and eight minutes after the first fire warning, the burning craft rolled to a stop on the Gallup landing strip. Before it was brought to a halt, airport fire extinguishers went into rapid action and the passengers were hauled safely out of danger hy the crew and airport helpers.

There could be little doubt that the Gallup fire was a repetition of the one at Bryce

(*Continued on page 58*)

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(Continued from page 56)

Canyon, except for one thing—the magnesium flares had been removed from their wing-root position about the heater. Also in this mishap it was possible to trace the course of the trouble from the beginning. The crew were all alive, and the behavior of the operating units was on record. The plane itself was in better shape for a thorough study of every contributing factor.

Investigators occupied with the Bryce Canyon probe at the Santa Monica Douglas plant were notified of the fire while the Gallup plane was still in the air, and company, manufacturing, and CAB representatives were on hand two or three hours after it landed. Although there had been quite extensive burning, this time the instruments had not been seriously harmed. And in looking into the matter of how the fuel had been used during take-off and redistributed in flight, the investigators found after the landing that although all the booster pump switches except one remained in the "Off" position to which they had been turned, the switch for No. 4 alternate pump was unaccountably turned to "High." Fuel selectors for all engines and cross feeds were found set up for fuel transfer and were so photographed for future reference.

After the preliminary check-up on the condition of the plane and crew and all important post-accident matters had been taken care of, someone on the ramp pointed out that the No. 3 alternate tank was leaking from the air-vent and that the gathering pool of gas on the ground could catch fire. It was hurrying things a little, but CAB chief agreed that the tank could be drained immediately, and the fuel contents of each tank measured—which in any case would have been done in a full examination of the craft. And when attention fell on the No. 3 alternate tank, a peculiar discrepancy was discovered: although the No. 3 engine had been drawing fuel from it for a good part of the trip, the tank was still filled to capacity. A computation was made of what each tank should have contained after allowing for the amount that would have been used up in flight, and the final calculation of the total showed that 219 gallons of the original load of fuel could not be accounted for. One hardly plausible explanation for this was that a faulty carburetor return valve might have allowed the missing amount to flow back to the tank, but that did not explain its loss. A careful examination of the entire plane also turned up another unexpected thing: around the intake scoop on the bottom of the fuselage, which draws air into the heater system, there were unmistakable fuel stains, although there was no reason why such stains should have been there.

As soon as the on-the-spot routine at the airport was completed, the investigation once more went back to Santa Monica for the specialists' detailed tests, and their studies henceforth were carried out on both fires at once. The Gallup plane, fortunately so much less severely damaged than the other by fire, was repaired and flown back to the Douglas plant for experiments.

One of American's engineer-pilot representatives, Captain Glenn Brink, who along with the others had marked the fuel stains on the Gallup plane's metal skin near the cabin heater air scoop as a subject for prompt study continued to wonder how the stains could have got there; gas which escaped from any of the tanks' venting valves ought to have vaporized and disappeared into the speeding slip-stream while



"Charlie just couldn't wait to meet you, Helen . . ."

the plane was in flight. After discussing the matter with the Douglas and American Airline engineers, be decided to satisfy himself about it by making a quick unofficial test. When some of the engineers were going up in a Douglas DC-6 for an entirely different set of trials, he got their permission to paint the area around the air scoop with Bon Ami and to go along himself. Taking some extra precautions while they were in the air, he repeated part of the fuel-transfer method used on the Gallup plane by shifting fuel into the alternate No. 3 tank and allowing a small amount to overflow through the vent. When he examined the scoop area after the flight, he found that a rivulet of gas had washed a clean path though the Bon Ami coating. As far as he could figure out, it meant that somehow escaping fuel *could* be carried in the slip-stream back and across the more than ten feet to the scoop some distance behind.

It was not very clear bow this could happen, since the path it would have to travel was considerably to the left and far under tbe roundness of the fuselage—a lengthy gap which would have to be crossed before tbe gas again hit the plane's skin and traveled on toward the scoop. If the fuel did follow tbis course, there was nothing to prevent its being drawn through the scoop and down into the boiler room.

Captain Brink's test was followed by more detailed ones by CAB experts. Absolutely convincing proof of the strange, suspected fuel-flow along the hull was needed, and this entailed exploratory trials —both in the air and bench experiments— which would reproduce exactly the conditions from which the board now began to believe the two fires must have started. Tbe flight tests were dangerous, and after a couple of alarming experiences, as had happened before, the experiments were flown at safely high altitudes. To make repeated tests with greater safety the CAB men used an ingenius substitution of dyed water for fuel in the No. 3 and 4 tanks. In tbese trials, the skin of the fuselage around the scoop was painted with feldspar whicb would retain traces of the dye, and the experiments consisted of allowing the liquid to escape from the No. 3 vent. The released fluid did, in fact, follow the vent-to-scoop pattern across the feldspar and was sucked into the air-conditioning-heater unit, infiltrating the various parts of the boiler.

TO prove the point still further, parts of the air-conditioning systems of both the Bryce Canyon and Gallup planes were reconditioned sufficiently to stand five separate hench tests. Trial fires, created by forcing an air-fuel mixture into the heater unit through the scoop in simulation of the entry of escaping gasoline, invariably caused backfires in the scoop duct, starting a blaze; two of the backfires erupted in violent explosions. Experiments also showed tbat the airflow into the intake duct was less than 40 mph even at the normal cruising speed of a DC-6, and therefore was not strong enough to prevent an "upstream" spread of fire fed by aviation fuel. These episodes—at least as far as the Gallup craft was concerned—left no doubt in the investigators' minds about how and where the two fires had been set off and why they had burned in the planes' lower midsection with such ferocity.



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Lacking testimony from those aboard the Bryce Canyon craft, the chain of events leading up to that fire had to remain conjectural. Captain McMillan and his substitute co-pilot, G. G. Grieshach, were highly experienced; however, they had not flown together before, and there was a possibility that the new man may not have understood his captain's operational technique. By a very strange coincidence the captain's regular co-pilot, who had flown with him innumerable times, was alive, having been ill on the day of the flight when the substitute had taken his place.

According to the co-pilot who had flown with McMillan so often, the captain habitually followed the same procedure. During and immediately after take-off his custom was to allow each engine to draw from its main tank while climbing and until he had reached cruising altitude. He then switched all four engines to draw from their alternate tanks, continuing in this manner until no more than 500 pounds of fuel remained in the lowest alternate tank.; Then, in order to equalize the contents of all the tanks and thus trim the wing balance, he would begin

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to transfer fuel from one tank to another through the cross-feed plumbing lines with the aid of hooster pumps to force gasoline through the system. It seemed plausible that McMillan had used the method of fuel transfer so long and consistently that he would not consider the routine it involved was unusual enough to require his giving overanxious attention to the new co-pilot's way of carrying out his orders. And the co-pilot, who may not have been used to the method, may have misunderstood some part of his instructions and gone on with other duties unaware that he had not stopped the crossflow into the No. 3 tank. In that case overflow would unquestionably have occurred and been sucked into the heater scoop as the fuel had shown.

The pilots of the Gallup plane testified that after finishing their fuel transfer, they supposed the cross-feed into their No. 3 tank had been closed. Although the faulty carhuretor valve on the No. 3 engine was believed to have allowed gas to empty back into No. 3 and hence to overflow it, it was not probable. There was some possibility that in the tension of events, the continued flow between the two alternate tanks had simply gone unnoted.

While the fuel-scoop problem was being worked on from a dozen different angles, the pilots' method of transferring fuel from tank to tank as described was drawing an equal amount of distrust.

The practice was brought under the CAB's sternest disapproval and was ordered discontinued in the future. But it was the placing of the fuel tank vent in relation to the scoop that worried the CAB most.

Blame for the two accidents was scattered pretty widely. The Civil Aeronautics Administration had itself condoned the fuel-transfer method. And when the CAB in its public hearings began to ask why the danger of gas being drawn into the scoop had not been determined by the pre-service tests made when the manufacturer was applying to the CAA for a fliability certificate for the new DC-6's, the CAA admitted that the regulation tests had not been carried out in full because it was not believed that the location of the tank-vents and scoop could possibly entail any hazard. The only explanation for this failure to comply to the full with all usual testing regulations was that either exhaustive tests which had been made had shown no reason to think gasoline could conceivably reach the intake scoop after discharge from a vent more than ten feet away and far out of a direct line. The DC-6's certification had been issued only after the new craft had been put through a most complete set of trials; it just had not been put through the crucial one.

THE hearings were enlivened hy one or two less discomforting passages. When Captain Chatfield, pilot of the Gallup plane, rose to testify, it came out that when he discovered his ship was on fire he was forty miles off course, and one CAB investigator began to concentrate somewhat suspicious queries on that. The fact was that Chatfield, with the reputation of being an unusually able and careful captain, was also known to be one of the most incurably inquisitive on the line. He knew every crossroads and intimate detail of the hundreds of miles of the terrain he flew over, carried road maps in the cockpit, and was endlessly curious about what went on down there. Pursuing his study of the desert from the air, he believed he had discovered some hitherto unknown Indian ruins. It was his habit to announce interesting sights to his passengers over the loud speaker, telling them about the places they were passing over, and on the flight, heing ahead of schedule, he had deviated off-course to give them a glimpse of his latest discovery, which accounted for his being so fortiuoiy in the vicinity of the Gallup Airport. So, when the investigator asked querulously why he was *there* at all, Chatfield, thinking of the forty miles he would have to fly to reach Gallup if he had been on-course, and the cactus and rockstrewn terrain he *might* have had to land his burning plane on, replied simply, "I can't think of any other place I'd rather have been."

During the hearings the work of modification went into high gear and a completely redesigned arrangement of the tank vents was made, placing them nearer the wing tips and out of line with the suction of the scoop. This time flight tests proved the new design's safety; escaping fuels could

no longer reenter the plane through any outside aperture.

Important changes had been made in the placing of fire-extinguishers and of fire and smoke-warning signal devices—which were also carried out at that time by manufacturers of other models—but most unhappily those innovations were less successful because they did not take into account some then unsuspected troubles in the use of extinguisher chemicals. Although searching trials after the reconstitution of the DC-6's brought the aircraft back into service again with the confidence of their operators and the public in March of 1948, their difficulties with fire and its corollary, smoke, were not over.

DURING the seven months that followed the Bryce Canyon and Gallup heater-fires there came a rash of *false* fire-and-smoke alarms. The warning systems installed in 1948 flashed in cockpits, sending one aircraft after another into the nearest airport to the nearest airport for precautionary landings when there was neither fire nor smoke to be found. From January 1 through the next June twenty-two false fire warnings and 285 false smoke alarms were reported by a wide diversity of air carriers. It was no wonder that pilots grew jittery.

The alarms themselves, simply as nerve-shockers, became an inherent danger, and Government air bureaus, plane builders, the Air Transport Association, and the Air Line Pilots Association reacted to this new danger with violent demands for correction. The warnings introduced another danger which was a comparatively new kind of threat. When a fire or smoke alarm flashes, large amounts of carbon dioxide (CO_2) are released into one or several parts of the plane, ordinarily into the below-decks compartments that are inaccessible from the flight deck, and frequent false alarms subjected crews and passengers to exposure to extinguisher fumes to an extent that sent the authorities to medical research bureaus to ascertain just what the human tolerance of varying amou ts of the noxious gas within a confined space was.

In January of that year the Douglas people returned to further work on the subject which the modifications emanating from the earlier hearings had presumably cleared up. A series of new flight tests on the DC-6 were undertaken to re-evaluate the ventilation of a craft after a discharge of CO_2. The officials were angrily shocked when one of the tests, observed by expert representatives of the CAA and the Air Line Pilots Association, showed that enough gas lingered in the cockpit after a discharge to make the crew groggy.

At this stage an additional relief valve for cabin ventilation was placed below the floor, and at the rear of the passenger compartment in the belief that such outlets were sufficient to correct the situation if emergency procedures in case of a fire or smoke alarm were followed punctilliously. By March this alteration had been tested and given a Type Acceptance okay by the CAA, though the Pilots Association still demanded universal provision of gas and smoke masks for the crews.

In spite of the testimony of the Gallup crew concerning the heavy smoke that had nearly stifled them in the cockpit and given the pilot such difficulty in landing, toxic fumes had been considered to be a somewhat secondary factor on that occasion —and probably in the Bryce Canyon accident. Now the fumes subject was recognized and taken up as a major problem in itself, and in the midst of the study came first a series of serious incidents and then another bad crash.

ON the thirteenth of May a false fire warning from the forward cargo hold flashed in a TWA Constellation cruising at 19,000 feet, and CO_2 was released into the compartment. Such an amount of fume seepage reached the cockpit as to make the crew dizzy and the pilot was barely able to make a difficult emergency landing at Chillicothe, Missouri. By this time the entire industry was pretty well on its ear, and the tension reached a peak when one member of the crew lost consciousness from inhaling fumes during a test flight made under ideal conditions with representatives of the CAA and the CAB aboard.

Telegrams were sent out immediately to all operators of Constellations by the Air Transport Association, ordering the strictest observance of precautions in case fire extinguishers were used; all windows were to be opened and the crew was to inhale deep draughts of oxygen *before* CO_2 was released. To be on the safe side, operators of DC-6's were told that similar conditions might he present on their craft. There were few officials, during those weeks, who were not poring over medical reports of the various groups who had investigated the

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danger, and sitting up nights to find a solution. After long discussions the United Air Lines issued an edict to its DC-6 pilots always to don masks before discharging extinguishers into below-deck compartments.

Before the bulletin could be dispatched there was another crash. A transcontinental plane went out of control for no immediately apparent reason. A crew of four taken on at Chicago was flying thirty-nine passengers in a DC-6 to New York. An hour after leaving Chicago the captain radioed La Guardia that the plane was "in good condition" and could be safely "turned around" for an immediate trip back to the West Coast. After another hour he sent a routine report and a few minutes later acknowledged an order to descend to 11,000 feet. Flight control operators at La Guardia began automatically to slide flight markers for his ship into the landing position, preparatory to his arrival.

Four minutes later the captain's last routine call, New York suddenly heard a hysterical message from the ship. It was indecipherable, but the crew of another airliner in the vicinity heard the message calling New York, and the high-pitched cry: "This is an emergency descent. . ."

Eye-witnesses to the crash said later that the DC-6 had just crossed the Susquehanna River at Sunbury and was heading in a shallow turn toward the mountains beyond when it veered toward Shamokin, Pennsylvania. Flying erratically at no more than 1000 feet, it swooped toward the rising wooded hills, then suddenly lay no more than 200 feet, went into a steep climbing swing, crashed into a 66,000 volt transformer on a power-line clearing and exploded, killing all on board. The impact came three miles northeast of Mt. Carmel. For reasons that were then totally obscure the pilots had failed to take advantage of the safe haven of the Sunbury airport or a number of level stretches that were immediately beneath them after their ship began to veer off-course.

IN playbacks of the very nearly unintelligible last message from the ship's crew, CAB investigator Fluet, chief of the Safety Bureau in Region One, and his corps of assistants believed they could hear one or both pilots trying to say that fire extinguishers had been discharged into the underfloor forward baggage compartment. To find out whether this could be confirmed, as soon as the investigators reached the wreck of the ship they began to burrow into the debris for the fire and smoke detectors. The instruments were found almost intact. And an intensive search for, and examination of the relevant parts showed *no sign of any fire* that could have been present before the crash. That did not reveal, however, whether or not the crew had released extinguisher fluid, since the CO_2 bottles had been smashed.

There was one clue to work on, and that could lead to nothing except speculation: parts of the mechanism actuating the cabin relief valves, which should have been used to clear the air in the cockpit, were recovered and found to be closed. If extinguisher fumes *had* entered the cockpit, they had remained there.

Because the explosion of the craft had caused such complete destruction, the investigation was unusually long and labyrinthine. With weeks spent assembling the debris, and months in laboratory work—by the builders, the Bureau of Standards, and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, along with the official CAB members—the tests and hearings went through every particle of material for evidence. The *only* certain indication of malfunction found in any of the plane's components was in the relatively minute gadget that would set off fire warnings in the baggage space. It was a grimly significant discovery, and the small gadget's functional failure was as serious as any single revealing item could be.

The CAB findings could only suppose what had happened, but in the face of everything they knew—the proved disabling effect of extinguisher fumes on a crew, the wild careening of the ship before the crash, the pilot's apparent inability to see and take advantage of the level landing spots directly in sight, together with the closed cabin relief valves and the faulty warning instrument—there seemed reason enough to conclude that the two pilots must have been incapacitated both physically and mentally by extinguisher gases without realizing what was happening.

Fire-extinguishers are a vital necessity on aircraft, and they must be installed in the shrouded compartments which are next to impossible to check over by a crew in flight. To arrive at a perfect and foolproof method of ensuring their workability, the industry turned its engineers loose on what had become an "or-else" problem.

Hitherto, emergency fire measures called on the pilot to execute this series of moves:

1) Declutch the cabin superchargers.
2) Open the pressure control valves to draw out the contaminated air.
3) Decide upon the right CO_2 selector to discharge extinguisher into the compartment for which a fire warning has flashed, and then discharge the extinguisher bottle fifteen seconds after declutching;
4) plus a repeat of (3) for every compartment in which fire is in progress.

In the meantime the pilot must keep the ship in controlled flight, decide on the best place, method, and moment for an emergency landing and prepare crew, passengers, and himself for what he knows may be a crash.

This, it need hardly be said, demands almost superhuman concentration for the most steady-minded and experienced of men.

The whole industry turned to finding a simplification of the complicated procedure. Douglas came up with one which, though it did not eliminate the need to select the proper button to send CO_2 into each threatened section, did reduce the first two moves into one. Later on, Lockheed and Boeing developed a system which reduced fire fighting procedures during flight to an easily manageable minimum. Both—in fact all—fire and smoke elimination now in use in airliners have proved themselves 100 per cent effective.

It should be noted that the DC-6 and the Constellation, (which was obliquely involved in the protection-against-fire problem of those times) have been flying since their rehabilitation as safe and eminently satisfactory aircraft.

END



Sixth Day . . . Still Afloat

Continued from page 35

blow out. By this time the water had risen up to his armpits and he struggled to raise himself up again through the hatch.

Cartwright saw that Badham was coping and he turned to find the outside manual dinghy release. His fingers closed over it and he pulled, again and again, like a man playing on a pin-table when the last ball has gone. "It's stuck," he said. "It's stuck." He could think of nothing else to say.

Triggs shook Walker out of his concussion and held him upright. Standing up on the wing, they were up to their knees in water as the aircraft plunged in the heavy seas. Cartwright and McLean were still struggling with the dinghy release. Walker had recovered and Triggs left him, making for the dinghy stowage. He ignored the manual release and wrestled with the stowage with his bare hands. Soon he had pried off the lid and pulled out the dinghy.

Devonshire, dazed when the turret began to rotate as the tail truck the sea, recovered quickly as the water rose to waist level. He freed himself and climbed out of the turret along the top of the fuselage to the wing. As he arrived on the wing the dinghy began to inflate and the crew climbed aboard, keeping the dinghy anchored to the wing by their weight.

The dinghy was floating to leeward of the Wellington and Triggs stayed on the wing, pushing the dinghy gently towards the wing-tip so as to avoid fouling the aerials. When he felt the wing-tip sinking beneath his feet he grabbed hold of Badham, who helped him aboard. As he turned to take a last look at the sinking Wellington the only part still visible was the uppermost extremity of the tail fin.

TRIGGS judged that they had been about a minute getting the dinghy out and perhaps another half minute getting clear. Perhaps two minutes since the ditching. Not a second more. He looked up and saw that the tail fin had disappeared.

The dinghy had already shipped three or four inches of water and the six men sat three on either side, baling out continually, at first using their cupped hands, and then as more and more water slopped in over the side they each removed a shoe and kept baling with a steady rhythm. Badham had underestimated the height of the waves and swell from the air, and the dinghy was buffeted and tossed without respite. They were already soaked at least to the waist and the spray breaking over the side completed their discomfort. Seasickness overtook them, but with the high seas persisting there was no chance for anyone to give in and hang his head over the side. They were sick continually until they had nothing left to bring up but their stomach-juices, and still they retched and choked. The water in the dinghy yellowed and muddied sickeningly, and still they bent to bale it out.

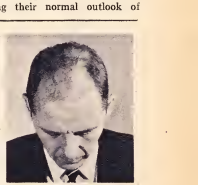
After nearly an hour and a half of continuous bailing they began to make some impression on the level of the water. Soon they were able to use their handkerchiefs to mop up the floor of the dinghy. But when dawn came it brought an even fuller realisation of their plight. The seas were mountainous and visibility was down to half a mile. Triggs examined the dinghy equipment and emergency pack. There were rations and water in sufficient quantities to last them for several days, and all the dinghy equipment seemed to be intact. He noticed with surprise that there were only two distress rockets.

An hour and a half since the ditching, thought Triggs. Time enough to have got back to Chivenor. Five-thirty. That would just about have been their E.T.A. He wondered if anyone had picked up their S O S. Another half-hour or so and they would be posted overdue.

An hour after dawn they were still afflicted by intense depression following the early violent seasickness. But in spite of their miserable condition, Triggs and Badham were slowly regaining their normal outlook of

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cheery optimism. They were alive and the dinghy had proved itself in heavy seas, and they had no doubt they would be rescued soon. This part of the Bay was always a scene of activity, day and night. They were only about eighty miles off the Brest peninsula, right in the path of the anti-U-boat patrols. They were certain to see aircraft, and sooner or later an aircraft would see them. They would probably set German aircraft as well. Luftwaffe fighter patrols were always about, ready to pounce on the unwary. Then there was the French tunny fishing fleet. In the eight sorties they'd done since the squadron became operational three weeks ago they'd seen several tunnymen. The chances were that they would be spotted from the air by the Germans and picked up eventually by a tunnyman. Even if the Coastal boys saw them first they would only attract the attention of the Jerries. And they were much too far away, and much too near the French coast, for any real hope of an air/sea rescue operation from the U.K. The thought of ending up as prisoners of war damped their spirits momentarily.

"HOW far are we off Brest, Col?"

"I'll work it out for you." Just like Col, thought Triggs. Col was Coastal navigator to his fingertips. He half expected him to produce a sextant from his pocket and take a sun shot. He watched while the blunt-featured, freckled Badham made a few rapid calculations, as composed and assured as if he were still sitting at his navigation table. "According to my reckoning we're eighty miles off the Brest peninsula, perhaps eight or ten miles north of the latitude of Brest itself, and about a hundred and eighty miles due south of Land's End. Just a few miles to the south-west, actually."

"You haven't got a course to steer there, have you?"

Badham laughed. "You can have one if you want one."

"I might take you up on that."

Cartwright and McLean were still seasick, but the others were recovering, and Triggs had them watching the skyline for aircraft. Suddenly Walker pointed to a Wellington about a mile away heading south.

"A Wimpey!" he shouted. "Must be one of the boys!"

"Could be at that," said Badham.

"How about a rocket?" Devonshire's sharp Canadian accent contrasted with Badham's drawl.

"I think she's too far away," said Triggs. "We've only got two, you know. Better keep them till we can be pretty sure."

"I wonder who it was," said Walker wistfully.

The seas remained rough and lowering and there was no relief for the sick, but visibility improved, and soon after half-past eight that morning they saw what looked like a Beaufighter flying low some distance away.

"It's a Beaufighter all right," said Devonshire.

"What's it doing flying so low? Can't be more than three hundred feet," said Badham.

"I reckon it's searching for us," said Triggs. He grabbed one of the distress rockets and watched the progress of the Beaufighter. Its track would take it about a quarter of a mile from the dinghy. Triggs waited, and when the Beaufighter was about eight hundred yards distant he ignited the rocket. The Beaufighter continued on its course, passing about four hundred yards to the north, the R.A.F. roundels showing up clearly on the underside of the wings.

"They haven't seen us," said McLean.

"There'll be another one along in a minute," said Triggs. He was annoyed at wasting the rocket, but not at all disturbed. It certainly had seemed as though the Beau was looking for them. The Bay was a pretty big place and the search would be kept up until they were found.

During the morning they sighted a further ten aircraft, including a Whitley which flew so near that they risked their last pyrotechnic. They were still not seen. Triggs and Badham worked hard to keep up the spirits of the rest of the crew during this period. Their precise knowledge of their position was a great stimulus to everyone's morale. When Badham rigged a small sail and the dinghy appeared to be drifting eastwards towards land, the rest of the crew were greatly cheered.

After they had fired the second rocket they waved the flag whenever they saw an aircraft and dipped the fluorescine bag in the sea. These were the only methods remaining to them of attracting attention.

Trigg's and Badham's breezy assurance that they would soon be found was justified during the afternoon. Soon after half-past two they

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saw a Whitley with a Beaufighter escort obviously carrying out a thorough search. They waved the flag continually and trailed the fluorescine bag, and after about ten minutes the Whitley flew straight overhead, waggling its wings, while the Beaufighters peeled off and shot up the dinghy in line abreast. It was a thrilling sight and the finest medicine possible for the seasick men.

The Whitley made a circuit of the dinghy and then began a long, slow approach, culminating in the dropping of a spare dinghy. The dinghy fell upwind and they began paddling hard towards it without making any impression on the distance. The pilot of the Whitley, evidently realizing that the spare dinghy was so far upwind as to be unattainable, now made a second approach and dropped a bag of supplies. This time the drop was more successfully timed and the bag fell within easy reach downwind. Triggs and his crew reversed the direction of their paddling and the bag was retrieved. They were pleased to find in the bag a Very pistol and several cartridges.

Things looked all right for the moment, but Triggs was beginning to wonder just how the air/sea rescue boys were going to reach them. If they weren't rescued today they might drift a long way from their known position during the night. Then the search would have to begin all over again.

His fears multiplied a few minutes later when the Whitley and the Beaufighters set course for home. They were alone for some time; but when they saw another Whitley in the distance half an hour later Triggs fired the Very pistol and the Whitley acknowledged the signal and circled overhead.

"Look!" shouted Walker, "they're signalling something." The Whitley was making a wide circuit of the dinghy, and someone was operating a signalling lamp. Cartwright, McLean and Devonshire spelt out the letters together.

"S-U-N-D-E-R-L-A-N-D. Sunderland! C-O-M-I-N-G. Sunderland coming!"

"When?" said Badham.

"If they meant tomorrow they'd have said so," said Triggs. "It must have taken off in the last few minutes or the other Whitley would have known about it."

IT was now late afternoon, and if a Sunderland had taken off it would just about have time to reach them and attempt a rescue before dark. There was no doubt the rescue people were doing everything they could to spare them another night in the dinghy; but Triggs was sceptical of the prospects of a Sunderland attempting to alight in the heavy seas.

"I'd better tell you men what I'm thinking," he said. "I don't think any Sunderland's going to land tonight. It's still pretty rough and I reckon they'll wait till tomorrow."

"In that case, I guess *we'll* have to wait, too," said Devonshire.

They sighted the Sunderland a few minutes before eight o'clock that evening. Triggs fired off another Very cartridge and the Sunderland acknowledged the signal and turned in their direction.

They watched anxiously while the Sunderland circled the dinghy. So far they had no indication of what was in the mind of the pilot. They imagined him weighing the possibilities. Was it worth risking a landing? Would the men still be there in the morning or might disaster overtake them? Would



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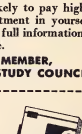
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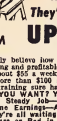
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Jerry get there first? Was the swell as bad as it looked? Or might it be worse? Triggs knew from his own recent experience that the sea always seemed twice as rough when you were in it. He would never have guessed from the air last night that they would be thrown about as they were as soon as they ditched. He wanted to signal the pilot and tell him that there was a twelve-foot sea running and that attempting a landing looked dangerous in the extreme, but all he could do was gaze upwards dumbly. If he tried to signal with his arms he would probably be misunderstood, perhaps not even noticed.

The Sunderland banked into a wider circle until it was some two miles away from the dinghy.

"I think he's made the right decision," said Triggs.

"You mean we've had it for tonight?" said McLean.

"They'll find us again in the morning," said Triggs.

"Sure they will," said Badham. He knew how the weather could close in for days on end in the Bay, even in August, but he kept it to himself.

Suddenly their ears were shattered by a series of explosions from the direction of the Sunderland. The dinghy rocked and shook under the inshore breakwater blows that seemed to come up from under the sea.

"Depth charges!" shouted Badham. "They're going to have a go!"

"You're right," said Triggs slowly. "They'd never try to alight with depth charges up. They've jettisoned them."

"You don't suppose they could have seen a U-boat, do you?" asked Devonshire.

Triggs watched the Sunderland closely. As he watched he saw it dripping like a tap. "Petrol," he said. "He's jettisoning petrol. He's landing all right."

They watched in deathly silence as the Sunderland began its landing run. Triggs, his own ditching horribly clear in his mind, was remembering details of those last few airborne moments that he thought he had forgotten, that he would prefer to have forgotten. It was a thousand times worse watching someone else do it. He could not rid himself of a sense of impending disaster.

It was ridiculous to feel like this. The Sunderland pilot knew what he was doing. Even if it was a calculated risk, at least it was calculated. It was a different matter landing with a specially stressed hull shaped to absorb the shock of the sea. In a few minutes they would all be aboard the Sunderland, shooting at the dinghy to sink it, setting course for home. Perhaps only one night late in Barnstaple after all.

The Sunderland was skimming along the surface of the sea into wind a mile distant, sometimes completely obscured by the swell. It was a long, low approach. Triggs clenched his fists as he felt the pilot holding off. He found that he was holding an imaginary stick and trying desperately hard to make the touch-down himself. The others were so intent on the Sunderland that they had not noticed.

The flying-boat had reached stalling speed and they watched it sink gently onto the sea. It slithered across the first wave, but the swell was deep and the Sunderland had lost little speed. It bounced into the next wave, bounded on and struck the third wavetop with its tail down and its nose in the air.

"Engines!" screamed Triggs. "Engines!"

The delay until the sound of the engines reached them was agony. The Sunderland was sinking on to a fourth wave. A tremendous roar reached them as the Sunderland pilot used full motor to clear yet another surging, turgid swell-top. It was too late. The port float seemed to bury itself in the swell and drag the rest of the aircraft round with it in a great swinging arc, piling the starboard side of the Sunderland's upper top of the port side in a grotesque illusion. The port side of the aircraft sank beneath the sea and the starboard wing groped fifty feet upwards to the sky.

"God Almighty," breathed Triggs.

As he spoke he saw that the tip of the starboard wing was missing, and in the next moment there was a screaming sound as of an engine racing and the starboard inner motor streaked fire and then burst into flames. The men in the dinghy watched with appalled wonder as the great Sunderland, enormous in its death-throes, like a huge animal, righted itself for a second and then nosed forward with its tail pointing to the sky.

The sun was setting and the evening sky, dark and lowering, reflected the blazing aircraft grandly as the sun went down. The men in the dinghy, peering for signs of life in the sinking Sunderland, saw two pigeons flap away from the shattered hulk, flying low at first so that their wings swept the sea and then climbing until they were silhouetted against the darkening sky.

Unknown to Triggs and his crew, the men in the Sunderland, numbering twelve in all, had clambered out quickly onto the wing, where they fought to inflate their dinghies. Only one dinghy inflated, and as they began to pile into it a bulge appeared in the pneumatic outer ring and swelled up until the dinghy burst. From the air they had seen the burst and the Mark I aircraft dropped some hours earlier. The pilot of the Sunderland told his men to try and reach that dinghy. One of them, Watson, a beach life-saver from Sydney, fought against the tumultuous seas and reached the dinghy exhausted. He was unable to carry out a plan to paddle the dinghy back to others. One by one the remaining eleven men of the Sunderland drowned in the turbulent sea.

Within a few minutes the great flying-boat, constructed to land and take off on the sea and to lie at anchor in calm waters, foundered and sank. When it disappeared, Triggs and his crew saw the Whitley dinghy beyond where it had been hardly more than a speck on the horizon. They assumed that the crew of the flying-boat were aboard.

As night fell, ending their first eventful day in the sea, the wind increased and the sea roughened and waves began to break into the dinghy again, keeping all six men baling incessantly. Then, just as they seemed to have the sea under control and were about to settle down as best they could for the night, Cartwright made a discovery.

"This doesn't look too good," he said. "Look here. There's water seeping in through the bottom. There must be a hole somewhere."

"My oath there is," said Badham, feeling the well of the dinghy until his fingers found the leak. "Over here near the buoyancy chamber. Who's got the leak stoppers?"

"They're in the pack," said Triggs. He produced one and Badham plugged the hole,

padding it round with the flying-helmet he had been wearing when he left the aircraft.

"I'm putting my helmet here," he said. "This stopper's right up against the buoyancy chamber. I'm scared stiff it'll chafe its way through."

Cold and wet and uncomfortable, disturbed at the prospect of a serious leak occurring, some of them still plagued with seasickness, they slept only fitfully, longing for morning. Tomorrow the search would be redoubled. There were two crews to look for now. This would surely be their last night in the sea.

Next morning the wind had dropped to twelve to fifteen knots, but the water was still rough and the dinghy tossed precariously on the switchback seas. Sometimes, lifted to the top of the swell, they caught a glimpse of the Whitley dinghy, too fleeting for full recognition.

"They're flying a flag, anyway," said Triggs.

None of the Wellington crew felt hungry or thirsty and the thought of the dinghy rations was unappetising. The dampness from their clothes had seeped into their bones and they felt clammy and wretched. Perhaps they would feel like eating later. Meanwhile it was just as well to conserve what food they had.

In the course of the morning they saw several aircraft in the distance, apparently searching, but they conserved their Very cartridges until the search should get closer. From midday onwards they saw nothing, and by four o'clock that afternoon their minds began to face up to the prospect of another night in the dinghy.

A few minutes after four o'clock Devonshire sighted a Beaufighter on the horizon. Triggs decided to risk a cartridge if the Beaufighter came within reasonable distance. It might be their last chance that day. When the Beaufighter was about two miles distant he fired the cartridge, and the aircraft flew on its course he felt the same incredulous feeling that he felt on the shooting-range when he missed a clay pigeon. He reloaded the Very pistol and watched the progress of the Beaufighter. Firing the pistol was like gambling. Once you started you lost your sense of proportion and you'd fire when you ought to stop. As the aircraft turned towards them again and he felt they had a chance of being seen he fired a second time. The aircraft continued irritatingly on its course. Completely absorbed now in the game, he rammed another cartridge into the pistol and waited like a man who has placed a big bet and settles down in the stand to watch the race. He would get his losses back this time.

THE Beaufighter was heading their way again and he waited until it was about a thousand yards distant, on a course that would miss the dinghy by perhaps half a mile. He fired the pistol. There was no reaction for a moment, and then the Beaufighter turned towards them and started to climb. Its crew had evidently seen the signal and were now looking for the dinghy. Just when Triggs and his crew thought that the Beaufighter must see them it turned and began circling half a mile upwind.

"They've seen the other dinghy," shouted Badham.

"Good enough," said Triggs with a nod. The Beaufighter circled for some minutes and then set course for base. An hour passed and no more aircraft appeared. Then two Whitleys arrived on the scene. The first one dropped another bag of equipment, but the bag broke open on impact with the water and the dinghy capsized. This aircraft left almost at once. The second Whitley began circling at two hundred feet.

"Here comes another message," said Cartwright.

The navigator of the Whitley was already operating the signalling lamp. His morse speed was slow and most of the men in the dinghy read it comfortably.

"D-E-S-T-R-O-Y-E-R O-N W-A-Y."

"Destroyer!" shouted Devonshire. "Can you imagine that! A destroyer laid on for us!"

"I wonder what time it left," said Triggs.

"How long would it take?" asked McLean cagerly.

"Look out!" shouted Cartwright. "Another message."

This time they spelt out the message with sinking hearts.

"R-E-C-A-L-C-R-D T-O B-A-S-E. B-A-D W-E-A-T-H-E-R."

"Bad weather," said Badham. "I thought the wind was changing. Clouds are lower too. I wonder how long we've got this for."

"It shouldn't stop the destroyer," said Devonshire.

"It may not stop them looking for us," said Badham, "but that's another matter from finding us."

"Look at that Whitley," said Cartwright suddenly. "It's in a helluva hurry."

As they looked up they saw the Whitley

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climbing swiftly for the clouds with a roar of engines. Seconds later three German Arado fighters swept past the dingby and gave chase. The Whitley disappeared into the clouds.

They breathed more freely. "Looks like they made it," said Triggs. "If they can stay in that cloud they'll get away."

Even as he spoke there was a muffled explosion in the distance, and as they gazed northwards they saw columns of black smoke rising from the sea.

No one in the dinghy spoke. Each man was trying to convince himself that the Whitley crew might have escaped, and each man knew in his heart that they hadn't had an earthly.

Badham noticed a thought which had occurred to all of them.

"Do you suppose the Arados saw us?"

"I expect so."

"Suppose they come back to shoot us up? It's happened before."

"We'll take our coats off and cover the dingby," said Triggs.

They removed their jackets and spread them over the yellow dinghy. The Royal Air Force blue and the deeper blue of the Australian uniform of Triggs and Badham merged with the hlue of the sea. The Arados did not return.

They settled down for tbeir second full night in the dinghy. The floor of the dinghy was cold and damp, and they spread their May Wests underneath them in an attempt to keep warm and dry. Discomfort and cramp, and the fear that the dinghy might spring another leak, prevented them from sleeping for more than short periods, but even an bour's sleep was immensely refreshing. When morning came, the wind was still in the south-west and the promised bad weather had arrived. The cloud was right down to sea-level and they were surrounded by a thin misty whiteness. Visibility was little more than a mile. Even so, shortly after dawn they recognised a Ju 88 heading out into the Atlantic. It was the only aircraft they saw all day.

They had now been in the dinghy for more than three days without food or water, and although everyone protested that he did not feel hungry, Triggs decided that they ought to eat. Their first meal consisted of a biscuit, a malted-milk tablet, one small square of chocolate and a mouthful of water. It wasn't until after the meal that they began to feel hungry.

"I don't want to depress anyone," said Badham, "but this sort of weather is liable to cling to the Bay for days. As long as we've got a wind anywhere between south-east and north-west we might as well try to use it."

"A hundred and eighty miles?" said Triggs.

"People bave drifted more than that," said Badham. "Besides, now we know what ships are looking for us, it'll be much healthier if we can get right away from the Brest peninsula. And it gives us something to do."

"That's a point," said Triggs. "But how about the search? Shouldn't we stay put?"

"There won't he any search today," said Badham. "Perhaps not tomorrow either. With the wind where it is we sball drift in a northerly direction anyway. We may as well give the wind what assistance we can. When the search starts again tbey're bound to allow for our drift."

They broke the telescopic mast in two and tied the flag between the two stubs. Triggs opened the first-aid kit and made makeshift stays and sheets out of bandages. The sea anchor was streamed to help them steer a straight course.

McLEAN, keeping a look-out for the other dinghy, saw something like a fin sticking out of the water a quarter of a mile away. He drew Triggs' attention to it.

Triggs recognized the fin quickly. It was a shark. He had to scare it off with was the Very pistol. He bad kept it loaded ready for emergencies, and he held it nervously, knowing that if the shark attacked them they would have little chance. The rest of the crew prepared to splash the water to frighten it away. After cruising quietly round the dinghy for fifteen minutes the shark disappeared.

About midday they all felt empty again, and they tried to quieten their hunger with a malted-milk tablet. The day dragged on and there was no sign of any change in the weather. The many incidents of the first two days had left them ill-adjusted to long hours of boredom, and they became impatient and sometimes ill-tempered and despondent.

The prospect of drifting for several days was one they could not easily accept.

They rested little that night, and when they roused themselves on the morning of the fourth day the weather was much the same. Sea-mist and showers shrouded them all day and they saw nothing of the other dinghy. The wind was in the same direction and they drifted northwards, helped by the improvised sail, at about two knots. They had a meal similar to the one they had had on the previous day, and at dusk Triggs opened a tin of tomato juice from the emergency pack and handed it round.

"It's Friday night," he said. "Big night back in Barnstaple, remember? Have a swig and pretend it's beer."

Shortly after midnight torrential rain drenched and refreshed them and continued till daybreak. They sat in sleepless silence, licking their nullahed faces and preserving what they could of the rainfall. The wind had veered and was now blowing directly from the north.

"No more drifting home," said Triggs.

"Never mind," said Badham, "this'll change the weather."

THE morning was clear except for a few clouds on the horizon. The whole of the western sky was blue. They waited expectantly for signs that the search had been resumed, but the long morning passed without incident. Each man scanned one-sixth of the horizon, and during the morning Badham spotted the other dinghy, a tiny speck about a thousand yards away which he thought at first might be a buoy.

"They're still there," he said.

"Doesn't say much for our sailing," said Triggs.

"Perhaps they've been sailing too."

At midday they saw a Beaufighter, the first aircraft sighted for two and a half days. It seemed too much to hope that the first aircraft they saw would find them, but they fired off Very cartridges and the Beaufighter flew straight overhead, waggling its wings in greeting. This Beaufighter sent a sighting report and a second Beaufighter, searching an area nearby, appeared quickly on the scene. The first Beaufighter began signalling.

"T-R-Y T-O C-O-M-E-A-C-T O-T-H-E-R D-I-N-G-H-Y."

"Try to contact other dinghy," repeated Triggs. He said it as though they had been asked to paddle to New York. He waved his arms repeatedly at the Beaufighter to indicate that such an attempt was beyond them. This aircraft climbed to a thousand feet and set course for base.

The second Beaufighter now circled them and began signalling. They spelt out the message together as before.

"Contact other dinghy, one injured man aboard." They still did not understand that the injured man was the sole occupant of the dinghy.

"Haul in the anchor," said Triggs. Badham at once assumed the role of navigator and they paddled in turns. The distance was about a thousand yards. In three shifts of two they paddled right through the afternoon. Sometimes they lost sight of the dinghy, but first one Beaufighter and then another circled over the spot, and they kept a straight course.

In the middle of the afternoon two Hudsons appeared overhead, and the crew watched with dismay as one of the Hudsons dropped what appeared to be depth charges, which fell close to the dinghy. They waited anxiously for an eruption. But when the water subsided they saw what appeared to be a dinghy with two containers on each side. The whole gear was upside down, but they changed direction to paddle towards it and reached it within a few minutes. One by one they removed their clothes and jumped in the sea in an effort to right it, and after a tremendous struggle they succeeded. They emptied all the contents into their own dinghy, and then continued to paddle towards the Whitley dinghy.

SHORTLY afterwards the Hudsons and the remaining Beaufighter dipped in salute and flew off north, and they were left alone. Within a minute Devonshire spotted four more aircraft racing down towards them from the east, still two or three miles distant.

"What the devil are they?" said Triggs.

"F.W. 190s," said Devonshire. "Four of them. What do we do now?"

"Sit tight," said Triggs. Perhaps they wouldn't be seen. But as he watched he was convinced that they had been seen already.

For the first time he felt fear gripping at his throat. He had often argued about the niceties of shooting at people in dinghies. It was something that you just wouldn't think of doing until you heard it had been done to your own chaps. Even then he couldn't imagine that it was a thing he was capable of doing himself. Yet there were

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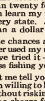
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arguments in favour. He admitted that. If they got back safely to the U.K., they might be responsible for the death of thirty to forty men in a U-boat on their next trip. This aspect was unlikely to be lost on the Germans.

He still refused to give any order to abandon the dinghy. To jump in the water was undignified and panicky and might put ideas in the minds of the Germans.

The F.W. 190s were now low over the sea and hurtling towards the dinghies at four hundred miles an hour. When they were almost overhead they broke off in formation, and as they sped past, Triggs had a momentary picture of helmeted Hun pilots waving to them. Waving to them! The men in the dinghy were too astounded and relieved to wave back.

They turned to watch the German fighters climb steeply and vanish among the white wispy clouds that had gathered during the day.

Triggs and his crew resumed the hard labour of paddling to reach the other dinghy. At six o'clock, after five hours' almost continuous paddling at the rate of two hundred yards an hour, they at last arrived within hailing distance of the Whitley dinghy. They saw one head only in the dinghy and looked in vain for others.

"Hullo there," called Triggs. "Are you all right?"

"I feel fine, thanks."

One voice, saying it felt fine. Nothing about anyone else. Triggs and his crew gazed at each other dumbly. For almost exactly four days they had been ignorant of the tragedy that had occurred right in front of their eyes. Now they stopped paddling for a full minute, their minds grappling with the enormity of their ignorance.

Long before they drew alongside the Whitley dinghy they knew for certain that it contained only one man. No one dared to ask how many the crew of a Sunderland might be.

While Cartwright and McLean steadied the two dinghies, Triggs and Badham hauled the Sunderland survivor aboard.

"Hurrah for the open-air life," said their new companion. Triggs and Badham pricked their ears up instantly. There was no mistaking that twang.

"You wouldn't be an Aussie by any chance, would you?"

"Watson's the name. All the way from Sydney."

Watson's weak and exhausted condition was all too apparent despite his attempt at gaiety. They stripped him and gave him a thorough rub-down to stimulate his circulation, clothed him in a sleeping-suit from the dinghy containers dropped by the Hudson, and gave him a meal consisting of a malted-milk tablet, two biscuits, some sweet chocolate and half a tin of tomato juice. Then they gave him a cigarette and told him to rest.

"I wonder what happened to those F.W. 190s," said Watson.

"I wouldn't be surprised if they're sitting somewhere up on top of us waiting to pounce on search aircraft," said Triggs. Shortly afterwards they saw a Beaufighter flying at deck-level heading straight for them. Triggs decided not to signal in case he should attract the German fighters and then as the Beaufighter turned away he saw two F.W. 190s in hot pursuit. But the Beaufighter had a good start and looked like escaping. Soon they saw the F.W. 190s break off and climb away.

The next aircraft they sighted was a Sunderland. The word threw a heavy silence across the drifting dinghy. The flying-boat passed five hundred feet overhead, but they did not signal it. They were tormented by the fear that the F.W. 190s would return, and they knew that if that happened the Sunderland would have no chance. Yet in the evening light it looked calm and unhurried and indestructible. It continued its course unmolested.

The Sunderland they had seen the previous evening landed at base shortly after midnight. Four hours later Hudsons and Beaufighters and motor-launches were resuming the search.

The Hudsons and the Beaufighters appeared over the dinghy promptly at dawn. Triggs, sure that the German fighters would be back at dawn too, tried to warn the circling aircraft in an elaborate pantomime, but he was by no means certain that they understood. One of the Beaufighters circled and began signalling.

"S-O-S-?-E E-O-N-G N-O-W." They chanted it together. "It won't be long now!"

As if to remind them that their elation was premature, three Arado fighters circled some distance to the north. They did not realise the significance of this at first.

"My oath, if it isn't the destroyer!" Triggs shouted suddenly. Steaming straight at them out of the mist to the north he could see a ship. All eyes turned to follow his pointing finger. The dinghy rocked wildly as they craned their necks to see.

"You're a bit out in your recognition," drawled Badham, "but it's a British boat all right. A motor-launch, I reckon."

"There's two more launches just behind!" shouted Walker.

"Three more," corrected McLean.

The first motor-launch had almost reached them, and Triggs stood up in the dinghy to shout to its captain. He cupped his hands to his mouth and bellowed. "Can you signal our chaps that there are Jerry fighters about?"

"Sure."

They watched the crew of the motor-launch signalling, and the Hudsons sought shelter in cloud. But suddenly Triggs realised that Jerry was after a different fish.

"Look at those Arados!" he shouted. "They've got a motor-launch with them!"

A GERMAN motor-launch, protected by a fighter umbrella, was bearing down on them fast. Triggs sat down again in the dinghy. The race was so gloriously exciting that he forgot for the moment that he and his crew were the prize.

"Here come the F.W. 190s!" shouted Triggs.

But the Beaufighters escorting the British motor-launch had seen them first. They dived on the F.W. 190s as the German aircraft prepared to attack the motor-launch. One F.W. 190 pulled up suddenly with smoke pouring from the cockpit. Triggs suddenly remembered that it wasn't a game after all.

The first British motor-launch was now alongside the dinghy, and one by one the Wimpey crew and the Sunderland survivor were taken aboard. The German motor-launch hovered in the distance, awaiting its chance. It was 0745 when one of the escort-

ing Hudsons signalled "Operation completed."

The Hudson's signal was premature. As the four motor-launches assumed a close diamond formation and got under way on a northerly course for home, back came the F.W. 190s to attack them.

"Couldn't we man a gun?" shouted Triggs, as the German fighters came in.

The captain of H.M. Launch Q180 gave Triggs and his men an anti-aircraft gun to man, but the first attack was driven off by the Beaufighters and Hudsons before it came within range. The F.W. 190s peeled off and formed up again for a second attempt. The Beaufighters turned into the offensive as the German fighters dived down towards the launches.

"Now I know what it's like to be at the other end of this business," shouted Triggs above the roar of the guns. All four motor-launches opened fire simultaneously, putting down a curtain of fire through which the F.W. 190s had to fly. Cannon and machine-gun bullets from the fighters lashed the sea around the launches.

"WE'VE got him! We've got him!" The airmen shouted excitedly as one of the F.W. 190s swerved and pulled up shakily, smoke pouring from its exhaust. They watched as the second fighter rapidly overtook it, and then both aircraft broke off the action and hurtled on their way toward Brest. The damaged F.W. 190 staggered on uncertainly in the wake of its fellow, leaving a trail of smoke to mark its path.

"Why don't the Beaus get after him?" demanded Triggs.

"You'll see in a minute," said the skipper of the launch.

"What do you mean? More fighters?"

"I'll be surprised if they don't chase us all the way. We don't want our air escort going after winged ducks. I've already signalled for more escort aircraft."

Two minutes later an F.W. Condor and a Ju 88 were sighted. And in the distance, frustrated and envious, but still constituting a latent threat, waited the German motor-launch and the three Arados, watching developments like the jealous neighbours of a lottery winner.

The Condor shadowed them at a distance of some five miles, but the Ju 88, after two feint attacks, suddenly burst through the clouds above them and dived into the attack with guns firing.

"Dive-bombing!" yelled Triggs.

Whether the Ju 88 carried bombs or not they would never know, for in that moment the German pilot looked over his shoulder, like a jockey who fears being overtaken, and gazed straight into the nose of a Beaufighter approaching from abeam. He pulled straight out of his dive as bullets ripped into his fuselage, and followed his F.W. 190 friends in a dash for Brest.

The Condor shadowed them for three hours, but they soon left the German motor-launch and the Arados behind, and the rest of the voyage was uneventful. They arrived off Land's End at three o'clock that afternoon and entered Newlyn Harbour at 1729, five and a half days after their take-off from Chivenor.

In spite of this long exposure, in the open sea and in bad weather, they showed no signs of nervous strain and suffered little reaction. Their total injuries amounted only to a few cuts and scratches and bruises. Their commanding officer sent them on sixteen days' leave, none the worse for their experience, reporting "Morale high, all ready and willing to continue operational flying."

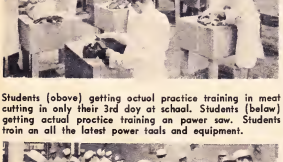
AND when the analysis of the incident came to be written, the Director-General of Aircraft Safety struck a Balance Sheet. He had to enter on the debit side the loss of the Sunderland with eleven of its crew, the Whitley with its crew of six, and Triggs' Wellington. Three aircraft and seventeen men. Then he turned the page over and wrote down the credit side. Six aircrew from the Wellington. One aircrew from the Sunderland. One Ju 88 probably destroyed. One F.W. 190 damaged and probably destroyed. Two hundred hours' flying experience of air/sea rescue operations. And lastly, and perhaps most significant of all, the maintenance of a high state of morale through having snatched an entire crew from within the grasp of the enemy after a hundred and twenty-four hours at sea.

END

EDITOR'S NOTE: *After completing their tour on Wellingtons, Triggs and Badham returned to Australia and converted on to Liberators at an operational training unit. They then completed another tour in the southwest Pacific, operating from Darwin, Morotai and Cocos Island. In all they carried out 102 operational trips together, totalling 860 operational hours, and both were awarded the D.F.C. Cartwright, the wireless operator, emigrated to Australia after the war.*

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Lock Every Door

Continued from page 37

live there, mostly single or divorced, share the camaraderie of transience; and casual neighborliness abounds. They are gregarious, they like to party, and as a rule they are harmless. There isn't a soul in the house they don't trust. They live out of each other's coffee pots and share each other's lives. Sometimes, when they get home to their one room, they are high and careless, and the door is left unlocked.

Karil slipped into a pink nightgown and went to her door and made sure that it was shut tight. The latch was broken, and she couldn't lock it. It really didn't matter much because the locksmith was coming up in a day or two to fix it.

Four hours later, most of Westlake was sleeping. The street lights were still on, and even the birds in MacArthur Park hadn't yet sensed the dawn. Occasionally, an auto streaked along Wilshire Boulevard, and the morning papers were being dropped at the street corners for the newsboys.

BUT one resident of Westlake, a blond young man with the body of a Greek discus thrower, was abroad. By day, he led the prosaic life of an eight-to-five laborer who mixed paint. Nights, he felt, he really lived; dangerously, excitingly, romantically, you might say. He was a burglar who preyed on women, the younger and the lovelier the better.

Once there had been trouble, bad trouble, and he knew it must not happen again. So he memorized the patchy streets of Westlake, the turnings of the halls in rooming houses and apartment buildings. He watched at the bars and eavesdropped along the lovers' paths in MacArthur Park, marking the women who were high or indiscreet. They often forgot to lock their doors, often were too sodden to hear him when he came calling.

In one hand, he carried a flashlight, and in the other, a lead pipe. If the unexpected developed, he would rely first on his personal appeal to discourage an outcry. But he knew he wasn't irresistible, and so he carried the pipe, too. What had happened before, the bad trouble, *mustn't* happen again.

So far, he hadn't needed to use the lead pipe.

As Karil slept out the last hour of her life, the burglar slipped silently into the backyard of one of the large, old houses not far away. From casing the neighborhood, he knew the back door should open. Confidently, he turned the knob. The door opened.

Inside, he moved quietly to the apartment where three pretty nurses were sleeping off the fun and excitement of an earlier party. He found three purses containing $90. The nurses never stirred. He didn't have to swing the pipe. Outside, he dropped the emptied purses on the porch and drifted up the street to the new apartment building.

First, he checked the mailboxes, looking for the "Miss" or "Mrs." that would identify the spinster, widow, or divorcée, the lonely woman he could charm or threaten if he had to. On the first floor, he tried two or three doors. All were locked. He tiptoed up to the second floor.

At his touch, the first door swung back. It was Karil's apartment.

Warily, he probed the darkness with his flashlight, then slipped in. Suddenly, the light picked out a woman's body on the couch. He could see that she was pretty, and he held the beam on her longer than was necessary. Pretty women made him feel warm and gentle.

Maybe it was the light or his heavy breathing. Karil stirred, and there was a click as he snapped off the flashlight. Then she awoke. For a moment, she listened. The room seemed black and empty. Then she must have heard the breathing. She gasped.

"Who's there?"

He froze, hand tightening around the pipe. Karil met the frightening silence boldly, too boldly. She snapped on the lamp beside her couch. Her drowsy blue eyes blinked, then widened, and her hand flew to her mouth. As she started to move, he moved faster.

Once before, five years ago, another woman in another apartment had called out, "Who's there!" Then she had screamed, and he had run too late. Other tenants in the building had caught him, and he had lost four good, young years of life in San Quentin and Chino, first for burglary and later for escape.

Now he was on parole, and he wouldn't, couldn't go back! As he moved, he swung the iron bar. Not hard, just enough to scare her into silence. But she screamed, and at the sound, loud and eerie, panic seized him. He swung again, harder. He brought the iron pipe down once more, and then again. At last she was still and quiet.

He switched off the lamp, and stood trembling in the restful darkness for a few seconds. Then he walked out to the balcony and listened.

One flight above, though he didn't know it, a woman also was listening. Something had wakened her, but now all was quiet. She glanced at her clock, quarter past five, and went back to sleep.

The burglar returned to Karil's apartment. His flashlight picked up the bloodied form on the couch, and he didn't like to think that maybe it was watching him. He walked closer and wrapped Karil's nightgown around the crushed head, and the pink color deepened into a dirty maroon.

As he did so, her blood saturated the tip of his jacket.

Now his nerve came back, and methodically he ransacked the small apartment. From Karil's large straw purse lying on a chair, he extracted $25. Not much. There had to be more around someplace. He shoved the bills into his pocket and threw the purse on the floor. He poked through the bureau and the

closet and even pried apart the pictures on the wall.

There had to be more! But there wasn't. He had killed for two sawbucks and a fin, and it hardly seemed worth it. He walked out, leaving a brief, blood-smudged trail from his soiled shoes and jacket.

At the art school that morning, they were tolerantly good-natured about it when Karil failed to show. Nobody called the apartment house. And there, Eleanor Lipson, the manager, prided herself on being the kind of apartment keeper who minds her own business and lets the tenants mind theirs.

During the afternoon, she brought a prospective tenant to the second floor to show an apartment. Passing Karil's room, she noticed the door was ajar; and, through the thin opening, she caught a glimpse of Karil's bare legs, warmly pink and glistening in a shaft of sunlight. Of course, a tenant should at least close the door while she takes a Saturday afternoon nap, but it was nothing to rouse her and make a scene about.

And so, because employer and house manager practiced the estimable virtue of tolerance, murder did not out till evening, and the murderer picked up a lead of exactly thirteen hours and eighteen minutes over the police. In that time, he could have fled more than halfway across the country.

It was Mrs. Lipson's husband, James, who finally found the body. A breeze had come down out of the hills from the northwest, blowing Karil's door almost wide open. Lipson glanced in and, being a male tenant at the County Jail, knew exactly what to do. He picked up a phone and dialed Madison 4-5211.

Sergeant Jack McCreadie, working the night watch at the Homicide Division, handled the call. He entered it in the record at 6:33 P.M.

His viciousness spent, Karil's murderer had left her apartment in numbed despair, his gloved hand still clutching the piece of pipe. He got into his car parked in a nearby alley and drove to his hotel. He showered and changed into fresh clothes, from the skin out.

Then he made a tidy bundle of his bloodied clothes and shoes, the pipe and the flashlight. He couldn't sleep, and anyhow he didn't dare keep the evidence in his room. He went back to his car and drove—anywhere—wherever—all day long. Toward sunset, he found himself in Santa Monica.

PARKING near the beach, he waited for nightfall, the time when he thought and operated best. The hour dragged, and the bundle on the seat beside him made him so nervous he was afraid he might panic again. He had to wait for full darkness.

Finally, the bundle under his arms, he moved onto a fun pier alive with Saturday night celebrants and quietly picked his way through the roisterers to the far end. With a quick, sidelong glance to make sure no one was watching, he hurled the bundle into the Pacific and turned back.

Midway down the pier, he suddenly felt hungry. He clambered onto a lunch counter stool and ordered a hamburger and coffee. He ate heartily. He had gotten rid of the only evidence that tied him to Karil. He was free! It was nine P.M.

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criminalists, photographers and latent fingerprint specialists. Big brass rolled, too, because there was going to be hell to pay about this one.

In the past twelve weeks, there had been thirty burglaries in the Westlake area. Not one place had been forcibly entered—not a screen cut, a door forced, or a lock broken—and most of the victims had been lonely, defenseless women, whom the police are supposed to protect.

Now "the open door burglar" had turned killer; and the newspapers were going to demand somebody's head—preferably, the burglar's, but if not, that of the Los Angeles Police Department. Every LAPD man in the little apartment knew that and knew the odds, too.

OF some 27,000 burglaries yearly (not including those from autos), there are about 6,230 burglary arrests. So the odds on any given job were more than four to one against the cop. And the nearest thing to a witness, the woman on the floor above, told LAPD their man had a thirteen-hour and eighteen-minute lead on them.

Nevertheless, they ransacked the apartment more painstakingly than the killer.

A full Crime Lab crew pored over the scene of violence, but all they came up with were worthless smudges and the bloodied trail that led no farther than the baseboards. Not a heelprint or footprint that could be recognized.

From kitchen to balcony, the print men dusted in vain. Graphite and aluminum—nothing showed through. Obviously, the killer had worn gloves.

The criminalists looked, despairingly, for any shred of physical evidence down to a thread, button, cigarette butt. There was nothing. All they could do was run tests of Karil's blood and record it so that *if* a suspect were bagged, matching tests could be made on his clothing.

Finally, the detectives, the scientists, the "hard facts" men went away, knowing precisely what they had known before they rolled: A woman had been murdered.

Even LAPD's statistics unit with its long, electronic memory couldn't help this time. Here the modus operandi used by known criminals as well as that occurring frequently in unsolved crimes is separately filed and indexed. You just run thousands of perforated cards through the electronic sorting machine, and sometimes the machine, fishing through arrest and prison records, past crimes, addresses, associates, habits, and physical descriptions down to a limp, "remembers" a priceless clue to the wanted man's identity.

Now they asked the brain, through cards, what it could remember about (a) a burglar (b) who preyed on women and (c) who used the open door as his modus operandi. The machine tried hard, but it proved no better than an ordinary human brain. It couldn't remember anything.

On Sunday, the day after Karil's body was found, while LAPD was counting its frustrations, the killer added to their difficulties, though mercifully they didn't know it at the time. He quietly checked out of his hotel in Westlake and fled to South Pasadena.

At a sedate frame house there, he quickly won the heart of the kindly old lady who had advertised in the Sunday papers for a roomer. He was so young, only twenty-seven, and so handsome, blond, brown-eyed, a strapping 185 pounds, and almost six feet in height. And he seemed so lonely, too, needing a grandmother's care. Innocently, she took in the lodger.

"Just tell enough, not too much, and make it sound like there isn't any more," the old cons had advised him in the prison yard at San Quentin. He told her truthfully that his name was Donald Keith Bashor. He touched her with the story of his broken home life as a child in Glendale and reassured her with his description of his sister and brother, nice, well-established people.

Donald, as she was immediately calling him, went out and got a $50-a-week job mixing paint. On most nights, he stayed home with her. When she found he was courting a girl on the other nights, she teased him about it. Yes, Donald said, he hoped to get married in the spring. Why wait, she asked, and Donald just smiled bashfully.

That was the part he didn't tell; about his burglary conviction and still live parole and his hideout from a murder rap. And, naturally, the old lady couldn't have a suspicion in the world about her adopted "grandson." Didn't he stay home weekends, helping her around the yard? Didn't he carry the shopping bundles home for her? Wasn't he as good a grandson as any lonely old woman could want?

Back in Los Angeles the case stood still; the photographic glossies of the ugly crime, the record of interrogations and scientific tests just gathered dust. The police knew only that the "open door burglar" had escaped them; where he had gone, whether he would come back, they had no idea. He might be dead, in prison, or might even have gone straight.

For ten months, Bashor lived the quiet, irksome life of the good, and then, in the December following Karil's February killing, he struck again. At first, he concentrated his attentions in the San Gabriel Valley close to his room at the old lady's house. This is to the northeast of Los Angeles, and LAPD didn't know for several months that their man had come out of hibernation.

But one night in Alhambra, Bashor had a nasty turn. As he was shaking down an apartment, he found a police badge and a blunt-nosed, .38-calibre Detective's Special in its spring holster, both lying on a table. At first, like any cop-hating criminal, he was delighted at the opportunity to steal police equipment and make the sleeping officer look foolish.

But almost immediately afterwards, fondling the trophies in his car, he had a sobering second thought. Suppose the cop had awakened, as Karil had? He wouldn't have been a lead-pipe cinch like a woman. Suppose, in this strange territory, he blundered again into the wrong flat? He couldn't, wouldn't go back to prison!

The more he thought of it, the more Bashor decided the only safe place for him to operate was back in Westlake, his own backyard. He knew the locations of the streets and alleys; he knew the careless habits of many of its residents. Best of all, he knew he could take care of the unexpected—the occasional lone woman who might wake up. The next week, which was in the March following his December erup-

tion, he was prowling the familiar rooming houses and small-apartment buildings.

By latter April, the complaints from Westlake filled an embarrassingly bulgy folder in LAPD's Burglary Division. When Bashor worked, he hit two or three places a night. As the reports multiplied, there could be no doubt about it. The "open door burglar" had returned.

Quietly, a rolling stakeout was established. The number of police cars assigned to the area was doubled, and they were ordered to keep moving in a constant, criss-cross patrol which sieved Westlake. And the innocent-looking panel truck used by LAPD for motion picture sleuthing roamed the neighborhood.

Each night the truck was parked on a different street and from within two officers kept a weary watch through peepholes. But the prowler slipped through the rubber-tire net night after night; and by May, the continuing epidemic had Westlake terrorized.

Women demanded that the police "do something," and LAPD couldn't tell them how hard it was working without also taking the fugitive into their confidence.

From the news reports, another modus operandi check was run on the burglaries, and LAPD implored the electronic brain to *think. Think. THINK.* Yet Sergeant Joe Oakes of the Burglary Division, checking the results, could make only one unhappy deduction.

"We may have another murder on our hands if we don't get him," he told fellow officers.

Yet all LAPD could do was to increase the patrol. Some four thousand police man-hours had been pitted against the will-o'-the-wisp burglar, and they hadn't been enough. All LAPD could do was to spend more man-hours—*and wait.*

NOW it was a night in May, a pleasant night very much like the premature spring Karil Graham had enjoyed so briefly in February of the year before. Bashor was on the prowl again, this time in the western end of Westlake where it merges into the Wilshire district. A neat five-room bungalow, the kind a lone woman might occupy, caught his eye.

Inside, Mrs. Laura Lindsay, sixty-two, a brown-haired divorcée, was sleeping. Having for thirty years been a top-flight legal secretary in Los Angeles, Mrs. Lindsay was a prudent woman. Before going to bed, she had, she was sure, locked all the doors and windows; but anyone could have made the same mistake of oversight that she did. Only tonight, Bashor was quietly circling the darkened house, ready to profit by it.

Finding all the door and windows secured, he was about to go away because he never could get up the nerve to force an entry. Then he spotted the outside woodbox which connected with the living room by an opening four feet wide and three feet high. Usually, the lid was locked, but this was Bashor's lucky night. He crawled through the opening and into the house.

Women, he knew, think in their peculiar way that it is safer to keep valuables nearby as they sleep. He made straight for the bedroom and hunted for Mrs. Lindsay's purse. Maybe he was clumsy in his over-confidence, or maybe in the fifteen months since Karil, it was just the law of averages working against him. Mrs. Lindsay awoke.

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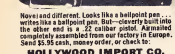
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This time, for Bashor, there was no momentary freezing. As she started to rise, he was on her with a ball-peen hammer. It was a sickening, faster replay of Karil's murder. The woman fell back, and tried to rise. He smashed her head, savagely, again and again.

Then he stepped back, panting, and rested for a moment. For a second perhaps, Karil's younger death mask flashed before his eyes. He took a pillow case and Mrs. Lindsay's dressing gown and wrapped them around the head as he had shrouded Karil's head with her pink nightgown.

For some unaccountable reason, he picked up the body, carried it to a couch nearby and laid it there, the face down and hidden from his sight. He hurried from the house.

By sunup, Bashor had on a complete change of clothes and was in a restaurant, eating a substantial breakfast. Woman killing didn't bother him so much now. Beside him lay blood-stained clothing and shoes and a hall-peen hammer, all tied into a neat little package. But they could wait till dark, and, meanwhile, he would have another cup of coffee and then some rest.

When Irving Walker, a prominent Los Angeles attorney, stopped by to give his secretary a lift to the office, her body was still warm. This time, the killer had only a few hours' start on the police, but for all practical purposes, that didn't seem to make any difference.

The same frustrated, irritated group of specialists interrogated, pried, dusted, and popped flash hulbs, all in vain. LAPD's Scientific Investigation Division would have been a public laughing stock, except that the public was in no mood to laugh. This murder so like Karil's frightened the whole city. Westlake's terror was contagious; and neighborhoods Bashor had never even seen wanted twenty-four-hour protection.

Then Sergeant A. R. McLaughlin, LAPD's latent prints ace, found it. Inside and out, he had dusted the house, doors, jambs, locks, furniture, utensils, anything an intruder could conceivably have touched, and had come up with nothing. Finally, on the woodbox in the yard, where a less painstaking man might easily have missed it, his dust brought up the fragmentary print of the heel of a palm. It was a rare discovery.

Carefully, the print was taken to the crime lab. An analysis proved futile, and it was filed away; but now the police had *something* if they ever laid hands on a suspect.

That night, Bashor followed form. Once again he drove to Santa Monica and safely dropped his neat little bundle into the ocean off the far end of the pier. He decided that for the next week or so he would be wise to lie low.

During the breather that Bashor gave them, LAPD's men made Westlake into a giant boohy trap. The rolling stakeout was again intensified. From other districts, plain-clothesmen were drawn in on emergency hasis to question all suspicious men found on the streets. In alleys and hallways, on dark corners, teams of police spied on after-midnight activity.

IN the hot panel truck, Officers D. C. Wesley and J. R. McCaslin were keeping a dull, uncomfortable peephole watch. This night, early in June, the truck was parked on a street of older apartment buildings, some of which were being torn down. There was no particular reason to think their man would walk down this street this night, but heing good officers under orders, they watched, hour after hour, sourly meditating on a policeman's life.

An athletic-looking, blond young man passed the truck. He went into the vestihule of one of the apartment houses and carefully removed his shoes. Wesley and McCaslin still waited. Then they saw him train his flashlight on the names on the mailboxes.

Guns in hand, the two officers slipped out of the truck and advanced on their quarry. He saw them and fled out to the street in panic. Wesley and McCaslin yelled to him to stop. He kept on, turning into an alley between two huildings that were heing demolished. They fired.

One shot caught their man in the left



"Did you blab to anybody?"

shoulder, and he stumbled. He recovered his balance and ran on, wildly looking for any escape route. Suddenly he veered into another narrow passageway between the buildings.

As he ran, his shoeless right foot came down heavily on a nail sticking out from a board. He went down with a scream, and Wesley and McCaslin were on top of him. It was Bashor. An ambulance surgeon sewed him up, and he went to jail.

When the detectives took over, they found they had a prisoner and that was about all. Bashor was mild enough, but he was too cowwise to talk, or at least to tell the truth. *Just tell enough, not too much, and make it sound like there isn't any more.*

He had to talk some because the police gun stolen in Alhambra was found on him; and obviously he had broken his parole three ways from the middle by his suspicious actions, by carrying a gun, just by being out so late at night. Still, he tried to lie, reason, deny his way out of trouble.

First, he said he would talk only to Tom Donovan, the husky sergeant in the Burglary Division who had helped convict Bashor years before. That seemed plausible because criminals often want to deal with the policemen they know. But it soon became plain that he was trying to con Donovan into believing him innocent.

So the burglary sergeant got together with Sergeant Jack McCreadie, a homicide specialist for sixteen years. It was McCreadie who had taken the first phone call on Karil Graham's murder; and he felt a personal, burning passion to wipe that case off the books.

Bashor's palm print matched the fragmentary print that had been picked off Laura Lindsay's woodbox. If he had killed her, he had no doubt battered Karil Graham to death, too, since the murders fitted the same pattern of savagery. But if Bashor wouldn't admit the lesser crime of burglary, how could he be persuaded to confess two murders?

Between them, Donovan and McCreadie decided, they would give their suspect a real, razzle-dazzle interrogation. First, Donovan would question him, and then McCreadie would suddenly take over. Always, the switch alarmed him.

"What are you questioning me for?" he asked McCreadie time and again. "I'm here for burglary, not murder."

Tantalizingly, McCreadie wouldn't quite come out and tell him. He didn't even tell him about the palm print. That was being held for a psychological break-through at the right moment.

For almost two days, the interrogation went on; and then the detectives got an unexpected assist from a civilian. From the showup, a woman singled him out as the intruder who had ransacked her apartment while she lay in bed, too frightened to scream.

With that as a lever, Donovan got Bashor to admit to sixty burglaries just in the Westlake area. Now was the time to put on the pressure. The second night he was in custody, it was McCreadie, not Donovan, who walked Bashor to the booking desk.

Bashor looked puzzled, but said nothing. McCreadie told the booking officer that the charge was a "187" in the California Penal Code.

"Is that burglary?" Bashor blurted.

McCreadie looked his prisoner full in the face. "Murder," the sergeant said evenly. "Murder! I'm in for burglary. I told Donovan everything. You trying to *frame* me for murder?"

And then McCreadie played his trump with the delicate timing of a Culbertson. "I didn't put your prints on that woodbox, kid," he said softly.

This was the break-through, and quickly McCreadie brought the ashen Bashor into an interrogation room to follow up the advantage. The razzle-dazzle had kept him under constant pressure trying to outguess his questioners; and now he had run out of guesses and evasive answers.

Piecemeal, grudgingly, as though it hurt him, he began to talk about the two bludgeon deaths. Then the trickle of information became a raceway, and he talked fully and without remorse.

"They've got nothing more to worry about. . . . It was something I had to do. . . . Part of the job. . . . The calculated risk." Almost pleadingly, he told McCreadie about his fear of being imprisoned again. "I knew if I got caught, I'd have to go back. Finish my time, and then some. I didn't want that!"

Twenty minutes later, the stenographer reappeared with several sheets of closely typed onionskin paper.

McCreadie placed them in front of the suspect.

"Read it."

Bashor complied.

"You've read the statement?"

"Yes, I have."

"Initial each page. Both copies."

Bashor did so.

"There's been no promise of immunity or reward made to you in obtaining this confession?"

"No."

"Have you been threatened in any manner?"

"No."

"I didn't hear you."

"I said no."

"This statement was made freely and voluntarily by you?"

Bashor answered in a firm voice: "Yes."

And in an equally firm hand, he wrote the words: Donald Keith Bashor.

The Los Angeles County grand jury promptly indicted him on two counts of murder.

NOW the bludgeoner of two women, the man who had preyed so coolly on dozens of other lonely women, lost the last of his nerve. He wanted to plead guilty, and get it over with as quickly as possible. When his attorney insisted on entering a not guilty plea, Bashor balked at a jury trial and put his fate in the hands of a judge.

He was convicted on both counts of first-degree murder and sent to Death Row in San Quentin, where he was executed in the gas chamber, October 11, 1957.

Donald Keith Bashor was young and handsome and often had other people's money to spend freely. In his twenty-eight years, he should have made friends who would grieve sincerely over his fate. Yet, in their investigation, the police found only one person who mourned. That was his little old landlady in Pasadena.

As he had taken from other lonely women their purses or their lives, he robbed her of an innocent, pathetic illusion. She lost her only grandson. END

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B-Girl Booby Trap

Continued from page 23

"I was at the Plough bar last night and met this Hungarian woman, Anna Paabo. I do not like some of the questions she asked me and I thought you should know about it."

"Tell me about it," Sanderson said.

"Well, we were drinking, two of my pals and me, when this girl joined us. She drank beer with us, and when my pals went to the barracks I stayed behind with her because I wanted a girl and I thought she was one of those. I went to her room with her and she gave me some whisky. She said she had a special supply of whisky for her best friends. . . ."

In her room Anna invited the Polish soldier to make himself at home while she made herself more comfortable. She came back into the room dressed provocatively in a filmy negligee. Sitting down beside the soldier, she caressed his face and neck.

"I am Hungarian," she told him. "We are not cold and indifferent like the English women. I like you. I will be nice to you."

She leaned over and kissed him. When the soldier responded avidly, she playfully pushed him away saying "Not yet. Let us talk a bit first." She poured more whisky into his glass and leaned back, smiling up at him.

"Tell me, why are there so many of you in Southampton?" she asked. "This is not a soldiers' town; it is a sailors' town. Where are you going?"

"I don't know," the Pole replied. "We just go where we are sent."

ANNA looked hurt. "You can trust me. I am Hungarian. I do not like the Germans. I will never say anything. When are you leaving? I would like to keep you here with me."

"I don't know when we are leaving," the Pole replied.

"Then you don't know how long you can spend with me. When are you going to invade Europe?"

"I can't tell you because I don't know."

"You mean you won't tell me!" the girl snapped and jumped from the bed. "I won't have anything to do with a man who does not trust me."

The Pole, ordered from the room, went to his barracks where he lay thinking over the incident and finally decided to inform Intelligence.

Major Sanderson immediately instructed the soldier to tell no one about the incident.

The same day Sanderson relayed the information to bis headquarters in London. "We are sending down a special agent," London told Sanderson. "His name is Arpad. He is a Hungarian Intelligence agent working for us."

Counter-Intelligence knew, that Anna was not working alone, but who the others were or how they operated, Intelligence had no idea.

Arpad, one of the top agents of the Counter-Intelligence Corps in Britain, entered Southampton posing as an American businessman representing a manufacturer of military equipment.

He took a room near the Plough public house and it was only natural that he should drop in there on the very first night for a drink. With a slow drawl, an easy, pleasant manner Arpad, representing himself as Mr. Louis Lumsden, from Rochester, New York, with an American Army permit to be in Southampton, soon made himself popular in the bar. It was equally natural that Anna should be interested in the American.

"I like Americans," she told Arpad. "I myself am Hungarian."

"I, too, am Hungarian," Arpad told the girl. "I adopted the name Lumsden legally because my own name was so hard for Americans to pronounce. I wish this damn war was over and done with so that I could return home."

"Me, too," Anna echoed. "I would like to go home. I don't like it here."

Arpad's Hungarian was, of course, flawless, and in Anna he found a soul mate. The two spent more and more time together and then the unexpected happened: Anna fell in love with Arpad.

Anna gradually tried to get Arpad to tell her about the war materials he was selling and why there were so many soldiers and sailors in Southampton in this spring of 1944, but Arpad kept telling her that it was a secret which he could not disclose.

One evening, about three weeks after he'd met Anna, they were in her room. As she lay in his arms, Arpad announced angrily, "I hate the guts of England! I hate America and all that it stands for. Hungary is my country. I love you, Anna; I will tell you what you want to know—so that we can be over quicker, so that we can go home."

He told her a false date and place of the invasion. "I shall see that it gets to the Germans," he said.

"How?" Arpad asked.

She shook her head. "I cannot tell you that now, but maybe one day. . . ."

He watched discreetly the next day and saw Anna momentarily in conversation with the hotel's handyman, George Perrott.

Perrott knew that Arpad was a Hungarian whose name he believed was Ferenczy. Arpad had told Anna that his real name was Dominic Ferenczy Ludziejewski. When he saw Perrott later that evening leaving the hotel with a fishing rod and other fishing equipment he joined him.

"Don't tell me you are going fishing!" Arpad said. "Mother of Moses, how I would like to go and fish again, but these English, they will not allow one like me near the water! And I am an American citizen!"

"I always go fishing," Perrott replied. "Especially on foggy nights."

"Yes," Arpad said, "the fish always bite better on foggy nights—like tonight."

The two men walked to a garage together

and from his jacket pocket Arpad produced a bottle of rum. They drank together. Arpad said, "Do you know Anna well? Is she trustworthy?"

Perrott hesitated and then said quickly, "You are a German agent, aren't you?"

Arpad looked around him. They were alone. "Yes," he said softly.

"Anna has told me about you. Did she tell you about me?"

Arpad swallowed from the bottle and passed it to Perrott. "A little. I know you pass the information to Germany."

"I am meeting the boat tonight. Have you enough guts to go with me?"

Arpad hesitated. "It is dangerous. If we are discovered?"

"We are fishing!" Perrott said. "I am a good Englishman, invalided out of the army after being wounded at Dunkirk."

"You are no more English than I am," Arpad laughed. "How clever you are to put it over on these damn fools! I hope Germany blows them all to hell when they invade."

"I am with you there," Perrott said. "I am a German. My name is Herman Finsch. I can't pronounce your name so I will call you Ferenc, if you don't mind."

FINSCH drove out of Southampton, and after a time pulled off the road under some trees, where he parked the car, and led the way down a steep incline toward a rock-bound coast. In the distance Arpad saw a steeply-rising cliff. He knew this to be Beachy Head, the 600-foot cliff near Eastbourne.

From under a screening canopy of rock Finsch brought a small motorboat and jumped in. Arpad followed him and the boat chugged with muffled engine out to sea.

Nearly a quarter of a mile off shore, as a swirling fog closed in on the land, Finsch cut the motor and waited. Nearly 20 minutes later, from about 200 yards away, there was a red flash, doused instantly. Finsch raised a flashlight and flashed three green signals. The red flash shot out three times in reply and Finsch hurriedly started the motor. They chugged quietly until the motorboat scraped against the black hull of a German submarine.

A rope snaked down from the deck; Finsch caught it and drew the boat up against the U-Boat. A voice called down softly in German and Finsch replied. A sailor, hanging onto a rope, slid down the hull of the submarine and Finsch handed up a small bottle.

The sailor returned to the deck and Finsch instantly cast off the rope. *"Wiedersehen!"* he called softly, and headed back to Beachy.

Arpad and Finsch drove back to Southampton while the submarine returned to her base in France.

Although the spy ring had now been uncovered, the CIC did not yet know how many members it had. But the day after the contact with the submarine, a group of tough, wiry men traveled to Southampton and mingled with the crowds. Some were in officers' uniforms of Highland regiments, others dressed as privates or sailors.

Anna was not in the bar when Arpad came in later that day. He found her in her room packing.

"Where are you going?" Arpad asked.

"London!" Anna replied. "I am going to spend a few days in London and have a good time. I was coming around to ask if you will go with me."

Arpad said, "I want to go with you. I will not let you go alone, I love you, Anna. But I cannot go until tonight. Look, I am onto a hot tip and I cannot let it pass by. A friend is to give me certain information at seven this evening. We can go about eight."

Anna agreed and told Arpad she would be waiting for him at that time. Arpad walked out of the bar and on a street corner stopped to buy a morning paper. "Anna is getting out tonight," he told the newspaper vendor.

"Go with her and find out all you can," the man on the corner ordered.

Arpad and Anna spent two days in London and when they returned Arpad was quick to follow up his lead. He passed certain misleading information to Finsch and arranged to accompany him on another rendezvous with the submarine. What Arpad still had to find out was how Germany was instructed when to send the submarine.

It was Anna who told him that they had a standing arrangement that a submarine would be at that appointed spot every Wednesday and Sunday night, if the weather were foggy. If clear, the submarine would not surface. If anything untoward happened it would not surface, and if Finsch were aware of any danger he would not come. The submarine would watch for his green signal and reply in red and they would meet.

This information Arpad passed on to the CIC who passed it on to the Admiralty, but through a slight miscalculation on the part of the Royal Navy, one was left ashore to catch Finsch. The result, as disclosed in naval documents, was that the destroyer was waiting for the submarine that night, but Finsch was already taking off from the beach when the destroyer signaled in green and, on receiving the submarine's answer with a red signal, destroyed her. Finsch fled back to Southampton.

Captured, Finsch, his two male companions and Anna were driven the same night to the Tower of London, where all spies were kept incommunicado, tried and executed. Arpad returned to London and received a medal from King George VI for his excellent work.

Arpad made a plea for Anna Paabo's life, pointing out that it was her warning that had saved his life.

His wish was granted. The trial court was told the circumstances and instead of the death penalty, Anna was sentenced to 10 years in prison. (In 1947, she was released and deported to Hungary. Finsch and the other men were executed.)

When the Allies invaded Europe less than a month later, one of the war's most well-kept secrets was still a secret up to the last minute—thanks to Arpad. **END**

PHOTO CREDITS

Photos in this issue from: Page 14, WW; page 15, UPI; pages 18-19, WW; pages 22-23, UPI; pages 26-29, Bill Hamilton-Prange Pix; page 34, UPI; page 35, WW; page 36-37, UPI.

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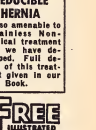
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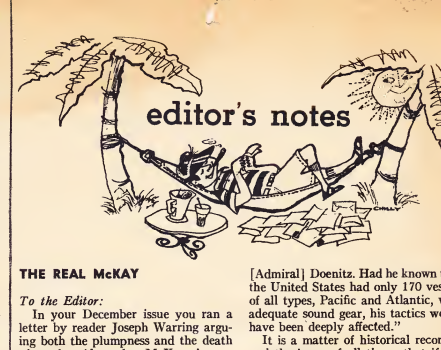
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THE REAL McKAY

To the Editor:

In your December issue you ran a letter by reader Joseph Warring arguing both the plumpness and the death of trader Alexander McKay in my story *The Women Who Decoyed a Shipful of Sailors*. The reader would do well to check the authenticity of the piece against the following sources: *Missouri Gazette*, St. Louis, May 15, 1813; *Astoria*, Washington Irving, Philadelphia, 1836; *Adventures on the Columbia River*, Ross Cox, London, 1831; *Relation d'un voyage à la côte du nordouest de l'Amérique Septentrionale*, Franchère, Montreal, 1820.

These are the only accounts of the Tonquin disaster given by men who were actually a part of the Astoria expedition. The reader will learn nothing of this incident from Hudson's Bay records, for the Hudson's Bay Company was not even operating in this region at the time.

Of course the reader's confusion might have arisen from the fact that he mixed up Alexander McKay with Tom McKay, the famed quarter-breed Hudson's Bay partisan who was a contemporary of McLeod and Ogden.

And whatever tribe killed the man your reader was thinking of, it most certainly wasn't the Nez Perce. They killed no white men until the days of Chief Joseph.

Gene Caesar
Ann Arbor, Mich.

OPERATION BLUFF

To the Editor:

Your article *U-Boat 123—Kapitänleutnant Hardegren Commanding* (FOR MEN ONLY, January) is not only excellently written but also gives an intelligent evaluation of the opposing forces in the initial stage of WW II.

I refer in particular to the following paragraph:

"Admiral Andrews' letter would have made interesting reading to [Admiral] Doenitz. Had he known that the United States had only 170 vessels of all types, Pacific and Atlantic, with adequate sound gear, his tactics would have been deeply affected."

It is a matter of historical record—and the irony of all time—that if *the Allies* had only known the true state of affairs existing in the Nazi army, navy and air force, this would have affected their tactics just as deeply. For Hitler was a formidable gambler—and bluffer.

When the Nazis remilitarized the Rhineland in 1936, his troops had been ordered to withdraw at the first shot: the Germans were bluffing. But the French were hypnotized by Nazi propaganda—and no such shot was ever fired.

Nazi intelligence played the wrong figures into Anthony Eden's hands, and even before 1938 the British were bluffed into believing that the Luftwaffe was murder when actually there weren't enough planes to go around and the Battle of Britain was lost. The Blitzkrieg over defenseless Poland would have been a pushover for any ruthless nation, and France's defeat showed up her own weakness, but not German strength. Only in Soviet Russia was the Nazi bluff finally called.

All one can say is: strange are the ways of counterintelligence.

Dave Frommell
New York City

OF MUMPS AND MEN

To the Editor:

Your item "When to get mumps" in the *Medical Roundup* (FOR MEN ONLY, Jan.) is a howler, because it doesn't explain *how* to get the mumps in childhood. Where do we go from here?

Jerry Morris
Philadelphia, Pa.

▶ **Let's compromise and say: the best mumps are no mumps.**

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MOTOR TREND Magazine, New Products Test, July, 1958: "We deliberately picked a difficult test area which was badly pitted and corroded . . . Our Plating kit was the Empire Speed Plater. The final result matched the chrome and was entirely satisfactory. Anyone should be able to obtain similar results . . ."

ROD & CUSTOM Magazine, New Products Test, April, 1958: "Speedplater not only can be used to restore scratched, worn or blistered chrome on any part of your car, but can be used to plate metal not chromed before . . . For those wishing to plate their own items right at home without having to depend upon a commercial chrome shop, we'll vouch for the Speedplater's doing the job by saying that it works exactly as described, giving a lasting, durable, bright coating."

Car Dealers & Service Stations Make Big Profits with Special Heavy-Duty Outfit

Now you can make TERRIFIC PROFITS plating right in your own shop—without removing bumpers. Increase value of your used cars! Touch up new cars! Restore worn chrome areas to bright, new sparkle! Buick Dealer says: "Wonderful. We had excellent results". Heavy Duty Outfit electroplates on current from standard 12 volt battery. Entire Outfit, COMPLETE, only $34.95. Includes Plating Brush with Permanent Anode, Wires and Clips for Battery Connection, Special Buffing Wheels and Compound, Special Grinding Wheel, Stripping Solution to remove old chromium, Rust Remover, Special Polish, enough Plating Solutions for dozens of cars! You quickly make back entire cost on your very first job! Additional supplies always available from us at rockbottom prices. MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. Order now. IF COD, send $5 deposit.

CASH REFUND IF NOT COMPLETELY SATISFIED

MAKE BIG MONEY PLATING

Now you can add to your income during spare-time hours . . . because 8 out of 10 cars on the road today NEED REPLATING. You can charge $5.00 for touching-up to $50.00 for replating an entire car.

Plating is fun, too! You'll get a kick out of taking rusted, pitted, worn metal and bringing it back to shining smoothness. When neighbors see the brilliant plating on your car, they'll want you to do the job for them.

And you can plate other things for profit, too . . . faucets, appliances, tableware, cutlery, tools, doctors' and dentists' instruments . . . you can get more solutions at low prices any time—also solutions to plate silver, gold and rhodium. There's big money in jewelry and silverplate work! You get ALL INSTRUCTIONS for plating with your Speedplate Outfit!

MAIL COUPON NOW—YOU RISK NOTHING

If you want to put new, permanent, gleaming plating on your own car, you can do it right away and not risk a dime. If you are not COMPLETELY satisfied with great results, just return your outfit in 30 days in good condition and get FULL CASH REFUND. ACT NOW! Here's what you get: SPEEDPLATER Brush, with permanent Anode for life-time plating; Wires and Clamps for battery hook-up; enough solutions to plate several cars; Special Buffing Wheels and Buffing Compound, Special Metal Polish, Full simple instructions. Just mail coupon with only $1 deposit, then pay postman $13.95 plus postage when SPEEDPLATER arrives, or send $14.95 with order and we pay all postage charges. SAME GUARANTEE EITHER WAY. CASH REFUND IF NOT COMPLETELY SATISFIED.

EMPIRE MERCHANDISING CO., Dept. MO-39
4 North 3rd Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y

Please rush the electroplating kit I have checked.

☐ *Regular SPEEDPLATE OUTFIT, $14.95 (if C.O.D. send $1 deposit).*

☐ *Heavy-Duty Service Station Outfit, $34.95 (if C.O.D. send $5 deposit).*

☐ *I enclose full price, send postpaid.*
I understand that I must be COMPLETELY SATISFIED or I may return kit within 30-days for immediate CASH REFUND.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ **State**_____

Men! Send for This Money-Making Outfit FREE!



See How Easy It Is to Make UP TO $30.00 IN A DAY!

Do you want to make more money in full or spare time . . . as much as $30.00 in a day? Then mail the coupon below for this BIG OUTFIT, sent you FREE, containing more than 100 fine quality fabrics, sensational values in made-to-measure suits, topcoats, and overcoats. Take orders from friends, neighbors, fellow-workers. Every man prefers better-fitting, better-looking made-to-measure clothes, and when you show the many beautiful, high quality fabrics—mention the low prices for made-to-measure fit and style—and show our guarantee of satisfaction, you take orders right and left. You collect a big cash profit in advance on every order, and build up a fine permanent income for yourself in spare time or full time.

Add to Your Profits with Tailored Suits for Ladies!

You can add many dollars to your earnings by taking orders for our beautifully-styled, fine quality made-to-measure suits and skirts for women. Many times husbands sell suits to men, their wives sell suits and skirts to women . . . and the profits roll in! You can too! Outfit contains styles, prices, and simple instructions.

No Experience Needed

It's amazingly easy to take measures, and you don't need any experience to take orders. Everything is simply explained for you to cash in on this wonderful opportunity. Just mail this coupon now and we'll send you this big, valuable outfit filled with more than 100 fine fabrics and everything else you need to start. Include plans to get suit without 1¢ cost. You'll say this is the greatest way to make money you ever saw. Rush the coupon today!

PROGRESS TAILORING CO.

500 S. Throop St., Dept. L-195, Chicago 7, Ill.

YOUR OWN SUITS WITHOUT 1¢ COST!

Our plan makes it easy for you to get your own personal suits, topcoats and overcoats without paying 1¢—*in addition* to your big cash earnings. Think of it! Not only do we start you on the road to making big money but we also make it easy for you to get your own clothes without paying one penny. No wonder thousands of men write enthusiastic letters of thanks.

JUST MAIL COUPON You don't invest a penny of your money now or any time. You don't pay money for samples, for outfits, or for your own suit under our remarkable plan. So do as other men have done—mail the coupon now. Don't send a penny. Just send us the coupon.

PROGRESS TAILORING CO., Dept. L-195
500 S. Throop St., Chicago 7, Ill.

Dear Sir: I WANT MONEY AND I WANT A SUIT TO WEAR AND SHOW, without paying 1¢ for it. Rush Details, Valuable Suit Coupon, and Sample Kit with actual fabrics ABSOLUTELY FREE.

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City..... State.....

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If you've longed for the prestige and financial independence of YOUR OWN business, NOW is the time to turn this dream into reality! Here's your chance to get in on the ground floor of one of today's fastest-growing industries—the home-furnishings cleaning field. You must however be honest, diligent and able to make a small investment in a business we help you build. If needed, we'll help finance you. Business quickly established. No shop needed.

To help assure your success, we'll assign an established Duraclean Dealer to personally train you in YOUR TOWN. He'll reveal the Duraclean System and his successful plan of building customers. A staff of experts at Head quarters will work with you continually. When you write, phone or come in, they give you immediate assistance on an individualized basis.

This is a sound, lifetime business that grows from REPEAT ORDERS and customer RECOMMENDATIONS. Alert dealers can gross an hourly profit of $9.00 on own service, plus $6.60 on EACH serviceman.



You Become an Expert in Cleaning and Protecting Rugs, Carpets and Upholstery!

A Duraclean Dealership qualifies you to offer FIVE different services. Thus on some jobs you actually multiply profits.

1. Duraclean® (left) cleans by *absorption*. The absorption process utilizes a patented electric Foamovator which produces a tight aerated foam. When spread onto rug fibers or upholstery fabrics, the chemicals in the foam safely and gently loosens the soil and absorbs it in a way a blotter absorbs ink. It is then held in suspension for easy removal. There's no soaking or scrubbing, thus eliminating the risk of shrinkage, color run or dry rot. This modern method revitalizes fibers, restores color tones and adds years to their life and beauty. Customers are not merely satisfied—most are so enthused they tell friends and neighbors! And they appreciate the convenience of "on location" cleaning where they can watch the care given their furnishings and use them again the same day.

2. Durashield: *soil-retarding* treatment that keeps furnishings clean MONTHS longer. So new you may be *first in town* to offer this type service. **3. Duraproof:** protects against damage by moths, carpet beetles. Backed by International 6-year Warranty. **4. Duraguard:** flame-proofing treatment which reduces fire damage. Theatres, hotels, homes offer huge potential. **5. Spotcraft:** products which enable you to handle most all spot or staining problems.

Easy to Learn · No Overhead Expense

We Help You Grow

YOUR personal success Is of vital importance to Headquarters' staff of experts (a few of whom are pictured here). Whenever a problem arises, whether it concerns business records, advertising, the cleaning of special fabrics, anything at all, you are given prompt, expert counsel. Our **Mutual Cooperation System** also provides 25 other continuous services: National Advertising in Parents, House Beautiful, other Trade magazine advertising to help you secure agencies. Copyright Protection, Tested Ads, Local Promotional Material, Conventions. Monthly Magazines plus others.



Start Full or Part Time

No experience necessary! Some dealers establish shops or an office . . . others operate from home. Service rendered in homes, offices, hotels, or institutions. Auto dealers buy your service to revive used car upholstery. Almost every building houses a potential customer. **You enjoy big profits** on materials and labor.

Repeat and Voluntary Orders

Demonstrations win new customers. REPEAT and VOLUNTARY orders become major source of income. Customers tell friends and neighbors. Furniture and dept. stores, decorators turn over cleaning to you. We show **27 ways** to get customers.

Easy Terms!

Moderate payment establishes **your own business**—pay balance from sales. We furnish electric machines, folders, store cards and others plus **enough materials to return your TOTAL investment.** You can have your business operating in a few days!

—What Dealers Say

W. Loeblebill (St. Louis): by 27th year! **Began during depression and built business on good service.**





D. Chilcott (N. Platte): Duracleon soy gross $9.00 per hour. I gross up to $12.00. Many dealers do much better.

M. Lyons (Chgo): 2nd year should hit $100,000; 1st was $40,000. Hdqrs help makes it possible.





E. Roddey (Hampton, Va.): Did $600.00 first 12 days in January. My business keeps growing each month.

A. Wilson (Tulsa): Made $1,299 this month working alone. Duracleon outperforms all competitors.



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WITHOUT OBLIGATION, show me how I may enjoy a steadily increasing life income in my OWN business. Enclose FREE booklets and free details.

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Letter and illustrated booklets explain urgently needed services, waiting market, large profits, PROTECTED territory. Send coupon for free facts today.

Backed by Famous Awards



These two important honors conferred on Duraclean give PROOF of your superior services. As a Duraclean Dealer, you will be the only cleaning service in town backed by both these famous seals. No wonder customers buy Duraclean so quickly!



—What Manufacturers Say

". . (Duracleen) standards in keeping with service to which . . carpets and cushions are entitled." —*Alpine L. (American Viscose Corp)*

". . superior to any on-location process with which I'm familiar." —*President, Modern Tufting Co.*

". . we approve this process . . in keeping with better service to Mrs. Housewife." —*Aldon Ray Mills*

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FIX ANY PART OF ANY CAR

THERE'S one sure way to "lick" any auto repair job — and that's to get the advice of a real auto *expert*. That's why Motor's Auto Repair Manual is so widely used (over 2½ million copies sold!). It brings you the expert guidance of the engineers who made the cars and know them "inside out." Yes, packed into this giant volume is the "know how" from 176 OFFICIAL SHOP MANUALS, hundreds of factory bulletins, boiled down in easy-to-follow words and pictures.

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